

LARGEST IN NEW ENGLAND

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engagements with  
who fought with  
Numerous  
have been  
hind the  
past two







# MISSING GIRL HAS BEEN FOUND





# SHAW GETS \$5,000 JOB FROM MAYOR

Election Commissioner Is Given  
Place on the Penal  
Commission.

David B. Shaw has been appointed  
penal institutions commissioner by  
Mayor Curley. The position pays a  
salary of \$5,000. Shaw, who is a  
member of the Board of Election  
Commissioners, was appointed acting  
commissioner of penal institutions  
by Mayor Curley after the removal  
of Fred H. Gore.

# LIFE SAVED AFTER OPERATION FAILED

Mrs. Clara Shaw of Providence  
Used Wonderful  
Remedy.

Mrs. Clara Shaw of 432 Dexter  
St., Providence, R. I., was a suf-  
ferer from stomach and liver  
troubles for many years. She was  
treated both in the United States  
and abroad. She underwent an  
operation. Still she suffered.

Then she took *Mary's Wonderful  
Remedy* and found swift relief.  
In a letter telling of her case she  
said:

"I received your sample treat-  
ment the day before Christmas and  
it saved my life. For I was almost  
gone. I had an inflammation that  
got right up in my throat and  
seemed to choke me. My neigh-  
bors say it is a miracle, as they  
knew how I suffered. I am better  
now than I have been for 20 years."  
Mary's Wonderful Remedy gives  
permanent results for stomach,  
liver and intestinal ailments. But  
as quick and whatever you like.  
No more distress after eating, pres-  
sure of gas in the stomach and  
around the heart. Get one bottle  
of your druggist now and try it on  
an absolute guarantee—if not sat-  
isfactory money will be returned.  
—Advertisement.

# TAKE CLASH ABOUT TYPIST TO COURT

Bill in Equity Filed to Settle  
Question of Employing  
Stenographer.

A bill in equity was filed yesterday  
in the Suffolk Superior Court by  
Joseph Dwyer, an attorney in the  
Kimball Building, against Joseph  
Dwyer, also an attorney, who oc-  
cupies the same office, to prevent Dwyer  
from interfering with him in hiring  
his own stenographer. The hearing is  
set for April 25.

The case will be heard Wednesday.  
Dwyer has a lease of Suite 572-573  
in the Kimball Building and sub-lets  
a part of room 572 to Ferdinand  
Dwyer, entered into an agreement with  
Ferdinand in which the latter agreed  
to pay each week a part of the salary  
of the stenographer, Miss Mary Ma-  
honey of No. 13 Seaver street, Bos-  
ton. This suit was filed to prevent  
Dwyer from interfering with him in hiring  
his own stenographer.

It is alleged in the complaint that  
Dwyer refused to allow a stenographer  
hired by Ferdinand to occupy the desk  
formerly occupied by Miss Mahoney.  
Ferdinand and Mr. Dwyer did not  
dispute this.

Miss Mahoney says she has no par-  
ticular desire to do the work for both  
attorneys and is perfectly satisfied in  
the office of Mr. Dwyer, who originally  
engaged her services.

"I have been employed for the past  
sixteen months in the office of Mr.  
Ferdinand and Mr. Dwyer. I did not  
know that there was a contest as to  
whether I was to be employed by Mr.  
Dwyer. I was going to hire a new stenog-  
rapher. This, of course, was perfectly  
satisfactory to me until I learned I  
was to have my desk in the waiting  
room taken away. Then I objected.  
I talked with Mr. Dwyer and he said  
he would speak to Mr. Ferdinand  
about it. This is the last I heard of  
the matter until I was informed to  
do Mr. Dwyer's work exclusively."

—Advertisement.

# MISS MARY MAHONEY. STENOGRAPHER IN LAWYERS' WRANGLE

Winifred Black Tells of Country-  
Wide Clamor for Famous  
Relief.

By WINIFRED BLACK.  
Did you ever see from Phila-  
delphia in Thursday morning's paper?  
Did it make your heart sing?  
Word of it? Talk about the old folks  
at home and old home week—did you  
ever see from Philadelphia ever this  
blest country—from Governors and  
great patriots, societies and Magna-  
the great and the good and the little  
and the good—men and women—  
and there was a petition from  
children, too, they say—  
beginning for the money and glory of  
the old Liberty Bell.

They are planning very hard to  
bring it back, what a little thing  
like that! At such a time as this  
the members of the grange called  
each other on the telephone from  
country to country, and now I've  
seen the state in holding special meet-  
ings and at night sessions are trying  
to think up ways to secure the be-  
lieved of the Philadelphia City Council  
to the bell for the children.

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Hold Meetings for  
Jewish War Relief

The committee on cities and towns  
of the New England branch of the  
American Jewish relief committee  
for sufferers from the war, has been  
very active for the past few  
weeks in arranging mass meetings  
all over Massachusetts in the inter-  
est of the Jewish war victims. H. J.  
Barnet, chairman of the cities and  
towns committee, assisted by H. J.  
Barnet, Miss Harris Kopf and other  
members of the committee, have ar-  
ranged for meetings to be held at  
Fall River, Springfield, Holyoke, and  
in many other towns, in the near  
future.

Wise Motorists  
Choose their cars from those listed in  
the "Good Car" columns of the Boston  
AMERICAN. You'll find the best  
gains there every day and Sunday.

# ALL EAGER TO SEE LIBERTY BELL

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# Liberty Bell to Go to the Panama Pacific Exposition

On the first page of the Magazine Section of this newspaper  
today there appears a very interesting account of the insidious  
disease which has recently attacked the most precious relic of the  
birth of this nation, the famous Liberty Bell, and threatens to  
shorten its life.

At the time this color page went to press it was feared that  
the Bell's malady had reached such a critical stage that it would  
be impossible for it to make the long journey to the Panama Pacific  
Exposition at San Francisco, as had been expected.

Now, however, as every good American will be glad to hear,  
experts have decided that there is enough improvement in its con-  
dition to warrant the trip. The famous relic will, therefore, make  
the journey to the great Exposition at San Francisco, and will re-  
main there for several months.

They're coming down from the Bayou  
Toll in all boats and canoes and  
down the river in steamers. The  
people of Louisiana, just to help do  
something to get the bell, have  
Jennetteville, Georgia, Atlanta,  
Georgia—Lugansville, Ohio, the  
magnolia are sweet in bloom in  
Georgia—and high in the south-  
east air rides the statue of George's  
belle farm and every cotton plant  
in the State, there's sending in  
messages to Atlanta, begging  
and imploring the city and the State  
to work together to get the bell  
to Georgia.

Cheyenne, Cheyenne, hop on my  
pony—you won't be able to keep a  
pony rider riding the range on the  
bell.

The Liberty Bell goes through Wy-  
oming—even if it goes through on a  
fast train and never stops for an in-  
stant.

Tacoma, Spokane—Seattle, Port-  
land—some of them, oh, country  
of generous abundance and smiling  
beauty—we just want the bell, be-  
cause it's the heart of the country.  
Patriotism—love of country—love  
of the soil our fathers loved—glory  
in the bell that stands for every  
principle this country means and has  
always meant—by the country is  
full of it—brim full and running  
over—It will just take this  
journey of the Liberty Bell to prove  
it to the inner confirmed cynic that  
even fancied himself with a sneer at  
his race.

# FAVOR '13 ESCORT FOR LIBERTY BELL

Gen. Miles and Mrs. Story En-  
dorse Plan Jo Commemorates  
Original States.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—General  
Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired, and  
Mrs. William Cummings Story, na-  
tional president of the D. A. R., gave  
enthusiastic endorsement today to the  
plan to have the Liberty Bell accom-  
panied across the continent by a com-  
mittee representing the thirteen origi-  
nal states.

"An honorary escort of the bell,  
such as that proposed, would make  
the pilgrimage from Philadelphia to  
an American a patriotic triumph in-  
deed," said General Miles. "It would  
recall in vivid and picturesque man-  
ner the early history of the country  
and the struggle of our forefathers  
for the independence we are so val-  
uing."

"I would suggest that the bell and  
the car upon which it will be car-  
ried be draped with the colors of the  
original thirteen colonies. In ad-  
dition to the national flag bearing  
space for each of the forty-eight  
stars. This will illustrate with  
splendid effect the wonderful growth  
and the great prosperity and in-  
alienable strength of the United States  
of today."

# Phone Girls Receive Good Wish Wireless

President Annie E. Holley, now on  
her way to attend the Women's  
World Peace convention at The  
Hague, sent a wireless telegram to  
the members of the Boston Tele-  
phone Operators' Union expressing  
good wishes to the union and its  
members. The message was sent  
on the third anniversary celebration of  
the granting of the charter by the  
American Federation of Labor, at  
Wells Memorial Hall.

How to Treat Eczema  
A chemist who was convinced that  
the old method of taking internal  
medicines for skin troubles was  
wrong, discovered that an extract  
from the tree lupinus Oxycedrus  
was good for the skin. This im-  
portant vegetable extract, by a method  
of special treatment with other hea-  
ling ingredients, forms the product  
known as Cadum Cream. Since its  
introduction, it has cured many cases  
of eczema and other unightly irri-  
tating and distressing skin diseases  
after other remedies had failed. Cadum  
stops the terrible itching of eczema  
at once, and begins healing the first  
time it is applied. It is also good for  
pimples, blotches, hives, itchy skin,  
acne, herpes, scalds, sunburn, eczema,  
ringworm, rash, sores, chafes, eruptions,  
itching piles, scurvy, scabs, etc.  
Many of the results obtained by the  
use of Cadum may be truly called  
wonderful. 10c and 25c.

—Advertisement.

## VORENBERG'S

# Monster Fire Sale

## Half Million Dollar Stock

OF

### Men's, Women's and Children's New Spring Clothing

Sacrificed Without Regard to Original Cost

The response to this great sale has been  
simply tremendous—we have been obliged to  
close our doors so often that we fear we have  
taxed the patience of thousands—come early  
tomorrow and we'll have plenty of extra sales-  
people to wait upon you.

## Insurance Companies' Loss -- Your Gain

# Ladies' Suits and Coats

Never have such wonderful values been offered the women  
of New England. Every bit of this wearing apparel is  
new this Spring, bought for our regular stock.

|                                |        |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| \$9.98 Sample Suits and Coats  | \$4.95 |
| \$12.98 Sample Suits and Coats | \$7.98 |
| \$16.98 Sample Suits and Coats | \$9.98 |

### Ladies' Waists

|                                        |        |
|----------------------------------------|--------|
| 50c to 80c Waists (slightly<br>soiled) | 19c    |
| \$1.00 Voile Waists                    | 47c    |
| \$1.80 China Silk Waists               | 79c    |
| \$2.00 Jap Silk Waists                 | 95c    |
| \$1.25 Chinese Silk                    | 59c    |
| \$2.50 Crepe de Chine Waists           | \$1.45 |

### MOTHERS—Here is a Once-in-a-Life- time Opportunity to Buy Clothes for Your Boy at Prices Never Quoted Before

|                     |        |
|---------------------|--------|
| \$2 Boys' Suits     | \$1.23 |
| \$3 Boys' Suits     | \$1.77 |
| \$5 Two Pant Suits  | \$2.59 |
| \$6 Two Pant Suits  | \$3.69 |
| \$2 Reverses        | 97c    |
| \$3 Reverses        | 1.77   |
| \$2.50 Vestee Suits | 1.23   |
| \$3 Vestee Suits    | 1.97   |
| \$5 Vestee Suits    | 2.97   |

### Men's and Young Men's Spring Suits Almost Given Away.

|                   |         |
|-------------------|---------|
| \$10 Spring Suits | \$5.75  |
| \$12 Spring Suits | \$6.50  |
| \$13 Spring Suits | \$8.50  |
| \$18 Spring Suits | \$10.50 |

### Men's Trousers

at prices half and less

|                             |
|-----------------------------|
| 90c, \$1.20, \$1.60, \$1.90 |
|-----------------------------|

### Girls' Dresses

45c

8 to 14 Years

THE BIG STORE—AN ENTIRE BLOCK

## VORENBERG'S

150 N. STATE ST. BOSTON

## The Biggest Week of the Spring Sale of Beds and Bedding STARTS TOMORROW

A year ago tomorrow we held the opening sale of our reorganized Bedding De-  
partment and sold more Beds and Bedding than had ever been sold before in one day  
in the same department. To set a new high sales mark, we have gathered what we consider  
the most remarkable bargains ever shown in this city—Read and then come early

|                          |                                   |                                      |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| \$10 Brass Bed<br>\$4.95 | This \$19.50 Brass Bed<br>\$10.75 | \$26.00 Brass \$15.75<br>Bed Outfits |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|

This splendid brass  
bedstead, exactly as  
pictured, with two  
rail posts and top  
rails, 14 inch upright  
pillars, massive ball  
corner ornaments, war-  
ranted lacquer, bright  
or satin finish, all sizes.  
No mail orders.

|                            |                             |                               |                         |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| \$40 Brass Beds<br>\$24.75 | \$13.50 Iron Beds<br>\$7.95 | \$27.50 Brass Beds<br>\$14.75 | \$9 Iron Beds<br>\$4.95 |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|

This is a splendid full-size bed  
having 24 inch square posts and  
seven 14 inch square pillars. War-  
ranted in every detail.

A massive handsome bed, beau-  
tifully decorated with brass and  
large pillars. Corners in fine white  
enamel finish, large size.

|                                              |                                                                                        |                                 |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| \$4.50 Rattan and<br>Fibre Rockers<br>\$2.95 | Special Sale of<br>Ostermoor Mattresses<br>Reg. Price \$15.00<br>Sale Price<br>\$10.75 | \$8.50 Enamelled<br>Crib \$5.45 |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|

Choose from 2  
patterns and 2  
colors, a roomy  
and comfortable  
rocking chair, stoutly  
constructed  
and of splendid  
appearance.

(No Mail Orders)

\$7.00 Rattan Rockers... \$4.75

\$10 Tubing End Sliding  
Couch Beds  
\$6.85

75c Feather  
Pillows

\$2 Brass Costumers  
95c

\$12 Layer Felt  
Mattresses  
\$4.45

Cotton Mattresses  
\$4.45

The oldest resident, perhaps,  
and cannot remember when a pure  
Cotton Mattress was sold at this  
price. The actual value today call  
\$8.50. Don't fail to get your  
at the reduced price. All sizes.

## MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED

# GILCHRIST'S

## WE GIVE AND REDEEM LEGAL STAMPS

The  
Store  
of  
Progress

150 N. STATE ST. BOSTON

**POLICE FIRE AND CATCH 'PEEPER'**      **3,000,000-MILE TAIL ON COMET**

## Two Startling Apparitions End Rosy Dreams of Stander Patters for Coming Campaign.

Six shots were fired by Patrolman Thomas Nihan of the Lynn police in a chase after a "peeping Tom" in the vicinity of St. Joseph's Church. The man was finally captured after a half-mile chase in which a dozen other policemen in a motor patrol took part. He gave his name as George J. Cammon, married, of No. 77 Hawthorn

A telephone message was received at police headquarters that a man was flashing a light into windows in Julian street. The motor patrol was sent to the scene. On the way the officers saw Nihan chasing a man through back yards and alleys, and

**City Pays \$523.145**

## Pensions In Year

The city of Boston paid out \$53,746 for pensions for employees during the past year, according to figures shown at a conference of the Chamber of Commerce committee on a conference held last night by the chamber's pension plan board.

showed the city had spent 25 to 30 percent as much for pensions as it did for the maintenance of highways. The committee is seeking to devise a plan by which the increasing amount of money for pensions will not be taken from the public but will be taken from the state's taxes.

## to Your Tires

in These Five Important Ways?

These are all extras, and all are exclusive to Goodyear Fortified Tires.

feature best com-  
ons of tires have

© saves so many  
\$1500 per day on it.  
b, formed in each  
1.00.

fast as they are coming this spring.

### Prices Much Lower

Our mammoth production now gives you  
in Goodyears values never before known in  
tires. Our last price reduction, on February  
1st, made the third in two years, totaling 45

We promise you that present prices do not mean skimpy tires. Not a feature is omitted. Not a reduction has been made in quality, thickness or ply.

**GOOD YEAR**  
AKRON, OHIO  
**Fortified Tires**

**Riv-Cuts**—by our No-Rim-Cut feature.  
**Blowouts**—by our "On-Air" cure.  
**Loose Treads**—by many rubber rivets.  
**Insure**—by 125 braided piano wires.  
**Fasten**—by 1000 rivets.

**Fortified Against**

thick All-Weather Tread.



tires.

Never before was it so important as now to insist that your dealer supply Goodyear Fortified Tires. Any dealer will

supply you if you ask.  
(2298)

**Goodyear  
Dominates  
Everywhere**

**Service Stations—Tires in Stock**

New Oxford Garage, 6 Eastis St.  
F. R. Nickerson, 29 Elm St.  
Porters Station Garage, 820 Somerville Ave.  
Reed Bros., 15 White St.  
CHELSEA—Chelsea Garage, 167 Parkway.  
DORCHESTER—Codman Square Garage, 638  
Washington St.  
Harvard Garage Co., 18 Harvard Ave.  
Sawyer's Garage, 325 Blue Hill Ave.  
Upham's Corner Vule. Co., 564 Columbus Road.  
EAST BOSTON—Central Garage, 153-7 Liverpool St.

Ave.  
 Ave.  
 on St.  
 2 Brighton Ave.  
 Commonwealth Ave.  
 Reid.  
 Company, 450 Massa-  
 chusetts Ave.  
 (E. H. Hill & Sons),  
 EVERETT—Everett Auto Station.  
 National Garage Co.  
 FOREST HILLS—Forest Hills Hdw. & Paint Co.  
 MALDEN—Morton & Co.  
 West End Garage Co., 56 Commercial St.  
 MATTAPAN—J. F. Durby.  
 Parkway Auto Supplies.  
 MEDFORD—Cradock Garage, 49 Main St.  
 NEWTON CENTER—Newton Center Garage.  
 SOMERVILLE—Park Garage Co., 161 Broadway.  
 Russell's Garage.

Corcoran,  
207 Washington St.  
Id Co, University Rd  
St.  
ward St.  
WELLESLEY—Perkins Garage,  
Perkins Bros.  
WEST NEWTON—A. G. Baker, 31 Chestnut St.  
C. G. Carver, 58 Chestnut St.  
WEST SOMERVILLE—Yeels Square Garage, 12  
Newbury St.  
WILTON—Parkway Supply





## American's Prize Beauty Wed Her Photo Won Her a Husband

Governor Walsh has signed a bill establishing a new examining board of three members for the passing of officers in the Naval Militia. Under the system now in force, officers are examined by the general board, which examines for all branches of the

# MORPHINE

**Your Grandmother's Purifying**

...wounds, ulcers  
old-fashioned  
cription Pre  
stocked dr

Sanderson and her studied singing in Boston under Madame Sargent Goodale.

**Heimke Quits on Mexican Problem**

**Other's Remedy for  
the Blood**

and the Hiss, can save the system of these  
lately in modern form. Their action satisfies  
Industries Company, Dayton, Ohio. A free trial set  
request.—Advertisement.

body and Lynn are going to search the woods and ponds in their respective territories.

Yesterday Esther's father, John C. Burbeck of No. 30 Holten street, Peabody, and her brothers, Orville and Howard Burbeck, began a systematic search of the woods on the Salem side of the pond. They were assisted by many citizens.

Write for Booklet.  
**Warner's Safe Remodeling Co.**  
 Dept. 331 Rochester, N. Y.

s forgotten. The things of life  
sorrow that comes to us all  
The one thought then is do  
parted loved one the very best  
pon this very sentiment that

**Undertakers Have Been**

Box 6722

Adjusted 20-Year Gold Filled Cases. Nickel movement, very latest design, open and hinged face, plain polished, en- **\$6.94**  
 graving or engine turned.....  
 One Cent Buys Another

Watch Bracelets, Gold Filled, Guaranteed 20 Years

Staring Silver, Gold Filled and Pearl Tie Clasp. In- **\$3.95**  
 Price .....  
 One Cent Buys Another

Genuine Diamond Cluster Ring

Bristol Silver  
Orange Seed-  
ers, Butter  
Knives, Oye-  
ster Forks,

**20-year gold filled, very latest designs. Introductory Sale Price**

**79c**

**One Cent Buys Another**

**20 years + \$5.95**

**One Cent Buys Another**

**Charm.** of all orders, guaranteed 20 years. In-  
**\$2.46**  
Introductory Sale Price  
**One Cent Buys Another**

481 Washington St.  
BETWEEN TEMPLE PLACE AND WINTER STREET





## VILLA STAKING ALL ON BATTLE

Assembles Thirty Thousand Men  
and Artillery for Another  
Attack.

By International News Service.  
WASHINGTON, April 24.—General Villa has assembled at Aguila Caliente, for his spring battle with General Obregon, 50,000 troops with large supplies of ammunition and the finest equipment of artillery ever had in one place. This information was received in Washington today in confidential advice from Mexico.

According to these advice Villa and Angeles are staking their lives on every important post in Central and Northern Mexico from which they have withdrawn guerrillas, on their ability to crush Obregon.

It is stated on high authority that General Angeles and General Urban have gathered at Aguila Caliente the best troops from all of Northern Mexico, together with considerable lack of which is said to have caused Villa's defeat by Obregon a week ago at Culiacan.

At the same time General Panfili, in command of between 5,000 and 6,000 Sanitation troops from Mexico City, is reported to have been ordered to maintain communication with Vera Cruz and other cities west of Pachuca.

## BIG NEWBURYPORT SUFFRAGE RALLIES

Speakers Address City Hall Gatherings and Meetings at  
Shoe Factories.

NEWBURYPORT, April 24.—About 700 women and quite a number of men listened to suffrage speeches at City Hall last afternoon at the opening of the campaign for "Votes" in Essex County. Roger Sherman Hoar of Concord, Susan W. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mary Keener O'Connell, Miss Edna Lawrence Sumner of Boston and Mrs. John P. S. Mahoney of Lawrence were speakers. Addresses were also made to employees at several factories. The ones only in Market square tonight drew a large crowd.

Mrs. Edward H. Whitman of this city was chairman of the hospitality committee. Local officials prominent in the City Hall meetings were Mrs. Maria Berghelmer, Miss Ellen Deane, Mrs. Arthur H. Wright, Miss Elizabeth Root, Mrs. George S. Morrill and Miss Ruth May.

**BIGGER THAN EVER**  
—The Boston AMERICAN'S NEWBURYPORT Specials are so big that they are sure to attract more people than any other suffrage rally in the city.

## Mayor at Arbor Day Planting Sets Out Elms on the Common

Mayor Curley and Miss Gould, who planted trees at the Park man grand stand on the Common yesterday.



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## CON ROVERSY IN ASIM DEATH

Taunton Hospital Officials Blame  
Quincy Police for Coffin's  
Injuries.

A controversy has developed between the Quincy police and officials of the Taunton Hospital over the death of William A. Coffin, a veteran fireman of Quincy, aged sixty-three, who died at the Taunton Hospital last Wednesday.

Clearly due to injuries, according to the autopsy of Medical Examiner Atwood, the autopsy officials claimed that Coffin received his injuries while in the custody of the Quincy Police.

The Quincy Police department is now having this matter thoroughly investigated. We want it cleared up as soon as possible.

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## Goat Overcome at Fire Revives and Bucks Crowd

Romeo, a pet driving goat, owned by Allen Coughlin, aged eight, was the central figure in a fire last night which destroyed the stable owned by William C. Coughlin, a produce dealer, at No. 125 Old Harbor street, South Boston.

The goat was overcome by smoke. The crowd told a policeman to shoot him. Bystanders formed a ring around the goat, and he was finally killed. Suddenly the goat began to kick and then he stood up and looked around at the crowd dazedly.

"Give Romeo a chew of tobacco," said a kind-hearted fireman. But he was anybody could comply Romeo was to impersonate a sheep while his shrieks could be heard above the puffing of the engines.

Evidently discomfited what killed him, it took himself some more and he began to buck the crowd, but was finally silenced.

And Teddy, two horses which won blue ribbons in the last week's horse show, owned by Coughlin and his son, were burned to death, as was a horse owned by W. J. and J. Fisher.

Barney and his son, as well as several other horses, were also burned.

Placed the loss at \$1,200.

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## BLAME WIFE FOR 208 SORE THROATS

Authorities Now Claim to Have  
Dorchester Epidemic Well  
in Hand.

Dr. Francis E. Keilley, acting for the Boston Health Board, reported last night that 208 persons were suffering from septic sore throat in Dorchester, and that the epidemic in Dorchester as a result of drinking infected milk. Most of the cases are in Dorchester and the Fidelity Corner section.

The local health authorities claim they have the epidemic well in hand. Investigation seems to be certain.

Dr. Keilley said last night: "Doctors from physicians indicate that the temperature of the patients is rapidly getting better, and that cases showed improvement. Although the epidemic is still active, it is confined to their beds, no one is on the dangerous list. We are not looking for any fatal case. However, it is dependent on the virulence of the germ. Dr. Sherris stated today, however, that some families have been infected."

Former Senator  
Forker's Son Dead

NEW YORK, April 24.—Joseph Ben Forker, son of the late Senator Joseph B. Forker, died early today at Manhattan. He had been in failing health for six months.

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Forker's Son Dead

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## BREITUNG TELLS OF SOCKS ON STAND

Millionaire Declares His Were  
Worn by Son-in-Law Who Is  
Suing Him.

NEW YORK, April 24.—Edward S. Breitung, the millionaire father-in-law of Max Frederick Kleist, gardener-coachman-singer, testified today concerning his famous socks, which figure largely in Kleist's \$250,000 suit against Breitung for alleged seduction of the affection of Kleist's wife, Julia Breitung Kleist.

Breitung had previously charged that Kleist wore his socks. Kleist's answer was that he had not stolen the socks but that they had been given to him by Julia.

"When did you find out for the first time that the boy (Kleist) was wearing your socks?" Breitung was asked.

"When he first came to our suite at the St. Regis," said Breitung. "I remember the date."

"When did you first hear about the marriage?"

"Did you speak to your daughter about annulment of the marriage?"

"Yes, we talked it over," said Breitung. "She favored an annulment. I should say that she seemed abashed of the way the marriage was performed. Her idea was that to be legal it should be annulled and performed over again."

Breitung said he was not hostile to Kleist.

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## File's Snip! But the Candle Burns On

AMONG many interesting letters on file in Washington is one from an employee of the Patent Office offering his resignation. His reason was that virtually everything inventable had been invented and that the Patent Office soon would be discontinued.

THIS letter was written in 1833. The author of the note in stage-coach or canal boat. He read at night by candle light. Wanting a ham or a hat he haggled for it, and, having forced a fair price, he carried it home.

Yet to his vision the progressive genius of man had arrived at the end of the road.

Could this man wake today from his dream of 82 years ago what revelations would over his head his wondering gaze?

How quick he would be to declare that now, surely, the end of human attainment had been reached.

For example, he would be slow to credit the fact that from the Yankee notion shop had sprung the great department store of today; though doubtless he would grasp at once the thought that because File's does not attempt to sell everything found in the usual department store we are able to handle exceptionally well the things here sold.

EXPLAIN to him the File's system of specialization, whereby every group of merchandise is in charge of an expert or experts whose prime duty it is to make that merchandise better, dollar for dollar, than may be found in the department store—our virtual limitation of stocks to made-ready apparel, for all members of the family—our connections

in Paris and London and New York, the last now including millinery work-rooms, where the latest modes are evolved—our indoor streets,

with their spacious show-windows, where visitors may roam about at will without being importuned to buy—

through it all a system of scientific merchandising which brings to daily view the decrees of Dame Fashion at prices that explain why so many thousands of New Englanders pass by other stores to come to File's.

Sometimes men and women who day by day have seen the File's specialty-shop experiment develop to its present stature have difficulty in comprehending it. Certainly then there would be reason for the wonderment of a Rip Van Winkle!

TODAY'S little sermon simmers down to this thought: It is quite as foolish to declare final the achievements of File's specialization as it was to snip off man's inventive genius as burned out 82 years ago.

The same man who refused to look upon the old File's store as superlative is conducting the new store with ever in mind the query:

How can we do better tomorrow the things we have done well today?

So never be surprised at what you may find on turning a new leaf of the File's store book.

Beginning Monday Morning—  
ANNUAL MAY SALE  
OF UNDERMUSLINS

Men's garments, both novelties and the staple kind, at low prices.

(Women's—Third Floor)  
(Men's and Girls—Fourth Floor)

(Women's—Third Floor)  
(Men's and Girls—Fourth Floor)

(Women's—Third Floor)  
(Men's and Girls—Fourth Floor)

(Women's—Third Floor)  
(Men's and Girls—Fourth Floor)

## Billy Sundae the Real Soda Fountain Hit

Billy Sundae (note the spelling) has struck Boston and has already plunged the soda fountain into a pool of trouble that promises to last until goodness knows when.

This Billy Sundae is the descendant of the chocolate-caramel-syrup Sundae and the vanilla Sundae, too, according to the A. J. C. recipe for its manufacture.

Here's how the new Billy Sundae is made:

Put half a preserved peach in the bottom of a glass; add a spoon of vanilla ice cream;





# SPORTING Boston American



BOSTON AMERICAN, SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1915.

BOSTON AMERICAN, SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1915.

## A TALK ABOUT JESS WILLARD BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

*"Willard's Gospel--the Athletic, Clean-Minded Life--Has Won for Him Before He Is Thirty Fame and Fortune Enough to Suffice a Hundred Ordinary Men."*

*"It Is Hard to Resist the Contagion of Ne'er-Do-Wells and Good-for-Nothings, but It Is Impossible to Emphasize How Much It Is Worth While."*



THE JESS WILLARD THAT IS,—



AND AS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN

### By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

There are many ways of preaching sermons, but none more effective than personal example has been found yet. Billy Sunday is good on the platform, but if he had not in early life compelled himself to be sober and decent-living, his verbal contortions and gymnastics would not carry conviction or bring repentance.

He does not ask others to do what he has not himself done. They have known always that a sober and virtuous life is a good thing for a man, but examples of men who have made themselves worthy have been few in their experience. They have not believed that reform was possible. They have thought

men who had not enough red blood in their veins to tempt them to be dissolute. Then they see and hear Billy Sunday; there is no lack of red blood in him; there was no lack of temptations in his early career; and yet he conquered and rooted the evil out of himself. "If Billy could do it," says the man on the bench to himself, "maybe I could." And so Billy gets one convert more.

This, I conceive, is the secret of Billy's success. He presents his case with a rough and ready vocabulary—with words and expressions native to him and proper to the kind of human being he is. He puts the whole force of his body and mind, and of his heart, too, into what he says, and it tells—it strikes home. He lives about Christ, and

about true religion, may not have much intrinsic value, but they are his views, he believes them, he stands there and tells them and fights for them, man to man.

What true religion in the abstract may be open to question; but to be convinced of any religion at all, through and through, up and down, flesh and bones, mind and soul—that is the important thing, and that is Billy's strength. His belief is also his life—it is what he is from inmost to outmost. He declares it, rejoices in it, fights for it, and would doubtless die for it as need.

### WISE CITIZEN

### LIVES CLEAN LIFE.

Men admire this; they respect it, it arouses their sympathy and ambition, and, each in his own degree and way,

they become disciples of Billy. Billy does good by being what he preaches; and for any man to be what he preaches, or even, if he do not happen to possess a gift for speech, to be some good thing without otherwise preaching it, is to use the most powerful argument in the world. He will make converts when the logicians, hair-splitters and rhetoricians get only compliments and emptiness.

A clean and decent and energetic life is a good religion, and it is open to every man to be an example of that, and thus to preach it. There is no mystery about it; no Greek and Latin are needed, no transcendental equations or pragmatic psychology. No ordinary sane and intelligent man needs so much as to be told what a clean and decent

life is; he knows it very well, if by no other teaching, then by the teaching of the temptations he is always under to depart from it. All he has to do is to live that way, in spite of temptations, and he will find himself, let him be modest and retiring as he will, a gradually-growing prophet in his wilderness, who, silent himself, is quoted and expounded by his fellows, and becomes in his own despite the source of good and the model of imitators.

For, simple though he be, he is now a rarity, a man of mark and of influence, one who is and does what others have imagined but not hitherto believed practicable; a man, in a word, who has had the courage and constancy to deny himself and to follow his ideal; to make of himself

something clean, strong and worth while; to be, no longer a coward and a shirk, but a real man, an example of manhood, a master and not a slave, a being able to control and to subject to his own will and direction that most perverse, erratic and obstinate of all mortal creatures—his own self.

### WILLARD EXAMPLE OF SIMPLICITY.

A signal example of such a being has lately risen into notice, add, aided by peculiar circumstances into really world-wide distinction. Nobody could be simpler in himself than big Jess Willard, the Kansas horse-trainer, the six-foot-six of bone and muscle who sought out, met, and overcame Jack Johnson. He beat Jack Johnson in the ring; but do not imagine that

this true and original opponent was that formidable and notorious personage.

To fight and win in the ring is not in itself a thing to be greatly boasted of or emulated; and in Willard's case it was no more than the culmination—the final round, so to speak—of a much longer and more arduous contest which he had previously waged with none other than Jess Willard. It is that preliminary battle that is deserving of consideration and rivalry by the hundreds of thousands of other young fellows who are now growing up to inherit the great burden of our American nationality and destiny. Let each of those hundreds of thousands do as much with and for himself as Jess Willard has done, and this country of ours, of whose

pross and greatness we are too prone to brag, will merit all we now say of it, and stand gigantic and indomitable before the rest of the world.

And to say that Jess Willard has done nothing more than to subject himself to a persistent and strenuous physical regimen is to take a shallow view of the truth. That is the mere outside of his real achievement. A big, hearty, full-blooded boy like that engenders enemies within himself that can be controlled only by a stronger than they; they are forever seeking to bring him down and to tear him to pieces, to reduce him to degradation, to breed poison in his veins. He has

[illegible]









MYSTIC VALLEY  
LEAGUE GAME  
TO WINCHESTER

Lexington High Defeated in  
Open Contest of  
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Wesleyan's Pitcher

## Wine Own Game 5

MIDDLETOWN, Ct., April 22.—(P. M.)—Fanning, Wesleyan's box artist, was in his own game here today from Middletown, he gave him one of them. The game was responsible for them.

Wesleyan won. The score was 6-2 in favor of Wesleyan.

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| Sullivan         | 1                     | Sullivan  | 1        |
| Taylor           | 1                     | Taylor    | 1        |
| Thompson         | 1                     | Thompson  | 1        |
| White            | 1                     | White     | 1        |
| Wilson           | 1                     | Wilson    | 1        |
| Zimmerman        | 1                     | Zimmerman | 1        |

3, by Stanley 1 Passed ball—Bradleton.  
—1b. 40m. Umpire—McCarthy.

## Lowell Textile Is Given Grant

01 1.6W:11. April 14—When  
0 stopped the afternoon to allow  
21 Holy Cross freshmen team to

a train for Worcester, the score at the end of the sixth inning was 3 to 1 in favor of Holy Cross. Um Coughlin gave the game to Tex claiming the score should revert to the end of the fifth. His claim the visitors must finish the game was not allowed at 4 to 3.

play was not stopped at 4:30, the visitors made protest. The score.

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| Cum gratia |  |  |  |  |  | O'Brien   | 2  |  |  |  |  |
| Honor      |  |  |  |  |  | Nelson    | 1  |  |  |  |  |
| Ten        |  |  |  |  |  | Stated    | 4  |  |  |  |  |
| Daguer     |  |  |  |  |  | Start     | 2  |  |  |  |  |
| John       |  |  |  |  |  | Thompson  | 3  |  |  |  |  |
| (Clerk)    |  |  |  |  |  | Thompson  | 10 |  |  |  |  |
| He         |  |  |  |  |  | Thompson  | 2  |  |  |  |  |
| L          |  |  |  |  |  | Thompson  | 8  |  |  |  |  |

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## HOLDABLE FOR SAFETY OF HIS GUEST

Interesting Facts of Value to  
Those Who Drive Motor  
Cars.

To the weekly letter to the members of the Automobile Legal Association brings out several interesting points. Among other things it says:

An automobilist who invites a guest to ride with him should bear in mind that he is liable to that guest for any negligence of his which may result in injury to the guest. It seems to be the impression of many of our members that they are not liable for negligence to a guest, because the guest is not a passenger for hire, but that is not the law, and in all States where the point has been brought up the courts have decided that the owner or driver's negligence is not exempted from the guest, which makes the guest to recover for any injury which he may receive, due to the negligence of the driver.

Another misunderstanding which is quite general among motorists is that when he is traveling upon the main highway he has the right of way over any coming out of an intersecting street which may not be considered a main highway. In Massachusetts, and we understand in all the other New England States, there is no such right of way, and both ways have equal rights. This question frequently arises where, two automobiles collide at street corners.

Since neither automobilist meeting at a street corner has the right of way over the other, both are required to use due care and diligence to avoid an accident.

The law of Massachusetts requires the operator of every automobile who damages property, or injures persons, to stop and make himself known, and then to make a written report forthwith to the Massachusetts Highway Commission. Failure to do either or both is sure to result in the suspension or revocation of the operator's license.

These carrying automobile liability insurance should remember that the policy requires that a prompt notice and a report shall be made to the company. In all accidents be sure to secure the name and address of any witnesses as possible.

**WILL USE STUDEBAKERS.**

In the transcontinental tour he was made this summer by H. W. Dunbar & Co. of Boston, Studebaker automobiles, used exclusively, were used exclusively. A service supervisor of the Studebaker corporation will be with each party at all times. The supervisor of the party through which the party is passing will conduct them through

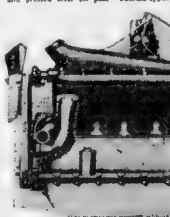
## The Saxon "Six."



THE Lynd motor of the Saxon "Six" has drop-long cam and crankshaft, inlet and head valves of 1 1/2 inch diameter and ground seat on pan. Throat-valve

valvehead steel are used front and rear; the steering gear is of worm and gear type with drop-shaft, ball-bearing steering column and shock absorber, the front end

steering gear and the standard coil is Riebs. The blue with running gear in black.



Manufactured by the Saxon Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Price, with Five-Passenger Touring Body, \$785

coaching is featured and lubrication is by a splash-pump system with leads to all main bearings.

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An electric lighting and starting system which includes the head lights and tail lights is installed, and operation is taken care of by the well-known Amstar-Kent system.

Right: Saxon motor of the Saxon "Six" has drop-long cam and crankshaft, inlet and head valves of 1 1/2 inch diameter and ground seat on pan. Throat-valve

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The transmission, which is mounted on the rear axle, is carried on a rigid roller bearing with full thrust back of the planetary gear set. The drive shaft is furnished with a double universal joint and connecting shaft.

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The gear and shaft are of special alloy steel. The rear axle is of three-quarter ton type with ground steel housing and two-pinion differential carried in a cast housing.

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External control of the clutch, brake and accelerator is provided. The accelerator is of the push-pull type, and the clutch is of the push-pull type.

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## POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE MONEY

Don't Put Off Making Small Repairs and Adjustments; It's Expensive.

The time and money that should be saved by automobile owners by putting off making small repairs and adjustments, is a point of interest in the money. A good plan is to put off making small repairs and adjustments, as it is often the case that a small repair or adjustment will cost more in the long run than it would have cost if it had been made at once.

The next step is to get the car in good running order. The car should be in good running order at all times, and the owner should not put off making small repairs and adjustments, as it is often the case that a small repair or adjustment will cost more in the long run than it would have cost if it had been made at once.

When turning a uniform speed of from twenty to thirty miles per hour will cover more ground in a given time with less wear and worry. There are three very important points to remember when driving a car, and they are especially important for the beginner.

The first is to be careful of the car. The car should be in good running order at all times, and the owner should not put off making small repairs and adjustments, as it is often the case that a small repair or adjustment will cost more in the long run than it would have cost if it had been made at once.

The second is to be careful of the road. The car should be in good running order at all times, and the owner should not put off making small repairs and adjustments, as it is often the case that a small repair or adjustment will cost more in the long run than it would have cost if it had been made at once.

The third is to be careful of the other cars. The car should be in good running order at all times, and the owner should not put off making small repairs and adjustments, as it is often the case that a small repair or adjustment will cost more in the long run than it would have cost if it had been made at once.

The fourth is to be careful of the weather. The car should be in good running order at all times, and the owner should not put off making small repairs and adjustments, as it is often the case that a small repair or adjustment will cost more in the long run than it would have cost if it had been made at once.

The fifth is to be careful of the fuel. The car should be in good running order at all times, and the owner should not put off making small repairs and adjustments, as it is often the case that a small repair or adjustment will cost more in the long run than it would have cost if it had been made at once.

The sixth is to be careful of the oil. The car should be in good running order at all times, and the owner should not put off making small repairs and adjustments, as it is often the case that a small repair or adjustment will cost more in the long run than it would have cost if it had been made at once.

The seventh is to be careful of the tires. The car should be in good running order at all times, and the owner should not put off making small repairs and adjustments, as it is often the case that a small repair or adjustment will cost more in the long run than it would have cost if it had been made at once.

## MILEAGE CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

Grand Prize Goes to Wisconsin  
Chaufeur with 21,985 Miles.

Every section of the country from New England to Florida and from the Atlantic Coast to the Far West is represented in the list of prize winners in the second annual five-mile contest of the Auto-Club of America. The contest was held in the city of New York, and the winner was a Wisconsin chauffeur with 21,985 miles.

The winner of the first prize, a gold watch and a gold chain, was a Wisconsin chauffeur with 21,985 miles. The winner of the second prize, a silver watch and a silver chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles.

The winner of the third prize, a gold watch and a gold chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles. The winner of the fourth prize, a silver watch and a silver chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles.

The winner of the fifth prize, a gold watch and a gold chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles. The winner of the sixth prize, a silver watch and a silver chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles.

The winner of the seventh prize, a gold watch and a gold chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles. The winner of the eighth prize, a silver watch and a silver chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles.

The winner of the ninth prize, a gold watch and a gold chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles. The winner of the tenth prize, a silver watch and a silver chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles.

The winner of the eleventh prize, a gold watch and a gold chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles. The winner of the twelfth prize, a silver watch and a silver chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles.

The winner of the thirteenth prize, a gold watch and a gold chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles. The winner of the fourteenth prize, a silver watch and a silver chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles.

The winner of the fifteenth prize, a gold watch and a gold chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles. The winner of the sixteenth prize, a silver watch and a silver chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles.

The winner of the seventeenth prize, a gold watch and a gold chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles. The winner of the eighteenth prize, a silver watch and a silver chain, was a New York chauffeur with 18,765 miles.

## Conversant with All Angles of Motor Industry

It is a rare thing to have the executive head of an automobile manufacturing company, who combine the administrative ability required of a president of a company with the mechanical and engineering knowledge necessary for the production of a successful motor car.

In this respect Charles H. Metz, president of the Metz Company, of Waltham, occupies a unique position among capitalists of industry of the automobile world.

Mr. Metz has built up a very successful business in marketing a car that is personally designed, and he has been in the industry for many years. He is conversant with all angles of the motor industry, and he is a rare thing to have the executive head of an automobile manufacturing company, who combine the administrative ability required of a president of a company with the mechanical and engineering knowledge necessary for the production of a successful motor car.

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## MOTORBROME IS ASSURED

New York Planning to Possess  
Greatest Arena of Sport  
in the World.

Things are moving rapidly toward the accomplishment of the project of the Sheepshead Bay Raceway Corporation to give to New York the greatest motorbrome arena of sport in the world. Edward Thompson, the manager, is already on his feet.

Immediately following the official announcement of the formation of the Sheepshead Bay Raceway Corporation, the project of the Sheepshead Bay Raceway Corporation to give to New York the greatest motorbrome arena of sport in the world. Edward Thompson, the manager, is already on his feet.

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## RELIABLE REAL ESTATE

Directory and Farm Ads.  
In This Section, Also Apartments  
and Houses To Let, Furnished  
Rooms, Business Opportunities and  
Help Ads.

SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1915.

Boston American

SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1915.

# Real Estate and Want Ads Section

## USED CARS

AND ACCESSORIES  
MOTORCYCLES—HORSES AND  
CARRIAGES—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS  
AND AGENTS WANTED  
Listed in This Section

# HOUSES FLEECED IN WHOLESALE LANDS

Clergymen, School Teachers and Widows Pay Thousands of Dollars for Worthless Cape Cod Lots

The American prints today complete details of land frauds so bold and rampant as have never been perpetrated in Massachusetts.

The frauds have been carried on for a dozen years or more—and on a larger scale today than ever before—without let or hindrance. Hundreds of persons in various parts of New England have been defrauded. How big a total the swindlers have mulcted from the poor Bostoners and Sandwichers is impossible to estimate. But it is believed to amount well up in the thousands.

Immense tracts of land in remote and inaccessible parts of the Cape Cod peninsula in the vicinity of Sandwich, Bourne and Barnstable have been sold to the public at 10 to 20 cents per acre, and the buyers have been told that the land was sold to them at a price "singling from twelve dollars to one hundred dollars an acre—in fact, for any price the purchaser is ready to give."

A stretch of waste land between Bourne and Sandwich, known as the "ridges" because of its rocky character, is literally honeycombed with these real estate developments—all of which are practically worthless.

This tract of land contains in the neighborhood of one hundred square miles. It is several miles from Bourne or Sandwich. It is traversed by Pocasset road, a tortuous path, badly in need of repair, and scarcely half a dozen feet in width.

NO STRUCTURE OF WASTE LAND.

Accompanied by Mr. Howard of the Board of Assessors and a photographer the writer passed through this tract. Half a dozen developments were pointed out by Mr. Howard. Not a house was to be seen in any direction, nothing but dense stretches of waste land, with, at the most, a few trees here and there.

While walking, blue prints, given to prospective purchasers by agents of the assessments, were shown. These were divided into lots, with even the names of streets marked on occasional wooden stakes in the only sign the waste land had ever been surveyed.

There are many of these developments which are the "ridges," and some on Pocasset road. The nearest development is two and one-half miles from the town of Sandwich, with blue prints and maps, with clerical assistance, given, well-developed salesmen, and a number of victims to buy lots of little value. The location of the tract is in the "waste" near Sandwich, has been of material service in helping their sale.

"Our property," the salesman would say to the prospective purchaser, "is but a few minutes' walk from the canal. The opening of the canal will mean the

creation of factories and warehouses. More and more people will settle near Sandwich. As a result this land will double and quadruple in value. Your investment will not yet be big profits."

Another favorite yarn of these salesmen is to represent the land to be "splendid for residential purposes." The victim is told that an neighbors he will have a number of substantial and prosperous Boston business men. The salesmen then furnished a sheet of names, a list of names of well-known men, when the victim usually knows by reputation. Usually these men actually have summer homes on the Cape—but miles from the tract in question.

The victim buys the land—sometimes for cash; sometimes on the installment plan. Eventually he discovers that his land is worthless and quantities payments. The parcels then revert back to the original owner and the operation is repeated. The most active promoters of these worthless Cape Cod land during the past year was the United States Realty Company, owners of Keith Park. This tract lies south of Sandwich and is about six miles from the town of Sandwich.

According to W. P. Crowell, an attorney with offices in Pemberton square, this concern has determined acres of purchases including three ministers.

Recently Samuel Adger, a Pemberton square lawyer, bought several lots from the United States Realty Company. He paid down \$10 and agreed to pay \$100 within thirty days. Before the payment was due Adger made a trip to Keith Park with Attorney Charles W. Adams, and discovered that the lots were covered by a dense underbrush and practically worthless. He refused to pay the money and was told that he would not get his money back.

Charles W. Adams, the real estate lawyer, has since been found for Adger, but ordered that the money be paid. He was told that the money was not to be paid until the land was cleared.

Mr. Adams had purchased property from the United States Realty Company, for which he had paid \$100. He was told that the money was not to be paid until the land was cleared.

The panoramic picture shows the "ridges," a stretch of waste, desolate land—many times swept by fire—which is honeycombed with worthless real estate developments. This land can be bought for less than a dollar an acre. It is divided up into 2,500 to 3,000 foot lots and sold at prices ranging from \$12.50 to \$100 or more. Below (at the left) is shown Pocasset road, represented to purchasers as a broad highway, in which many of these developments front. At the right is Keith Park, the promoters of which have been especially active during the past year. Keith Park, as the picture shows, is in the midst of a wealthy summer colony.

It is not a year since the law went into effect which makes it possible for co-operative bank shareholders to leave their money in the bank after the maturity of the shares, but already the benefits resulting from its operation have been greater than even the most sanguine anticipated.

The co-operative bank, the same as in normal times. They have been sending every dollar of their savings home to finance the acquisition of homes and replace mortgages. The past six months have been a time of real estate and money. The co-operative bank, the same as in normal times. They have been sending every dollar of their savings home to finance the acquisition of homes and replace mortgages. The past six months have been a time of real estate and money.

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By H. R. SARTZEL  
Real Estate Editor.

The American prints today complete details of land frauds so bold and rampant as have never been perpetrated in Massachusetts.

The frauds have been carried on for a dozen years or more—and on a larger scale today than ever before—without let or hindrance. Hundreds of persons in various parts of New England have been defrauded. How big a total the swindlers have mulcted from the poor Bostoners and Sandwichers is impossible to estimate. But it is believed to amount well up in the thousands.

Immense tracts of land in remote and inaccessible parts of the Cape Cod peninsula in the vicinity of Sandwich, Bourne and Barnstable have been sold to the public at 10 to 20 cents per acre, and the buyers have been told that the land was sold to them at a price "singling from twelve dollars to one hundred dollars an acre—in fact, for any price the purchaser is ready to give."

A stretch of waste land between Bourne and Sandwich, known as the "ridges" because of its rocky character, is literally honeycombed with these real estate developments—all of which are practically worthless.

This tract of land contains in the neighborhood of one hundred square miles. It is several miles from Bourne or Sandwich. It is traversed by Pocasset road, a tortuous path, badly in need of repair, and scarcely half a dozen feet in width.

NO STRUCTURE OF WASTE LAND.

Accompanied by Mr. Howard of the Board of Assessors and a photographer the writer passed through this tract. Half a dozen developments were pointed out by Mr. Howard. Not a house was to be seen in any direction, nothing but dense stretches of waste land, with, at the most, a few trees here and there.

While walking, blue prints, given to prospective purchasers by agents of the assessments, were shown. These were divided into lots, with even the names of streets marked on occasional wooden stakes in the only sign the waste land had ever been surveyed.

There are many of these developments which are the "ridges," and some on Pocasset road. The nearest development is two and one-half miles from the town of Sandwich, with blue prints and maps, with clerical assistance, given, well-developed salesmen, and a number of victims to buy lots of little value. The location of the tract is in the "waste" near Sandwich, has been of material service in helping their sale.

"Our property," the salesman would say to the prospective purchaser, "is but a few minutes' walk from the canal. The opening of the canal will mean the

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## SELL LAND AND FIRE-SWEEP BACKGROUNDS FOR USE COPS

Tract Between Sandwich and Bourne Honeycombed With Worthless Realty Developments

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Real Estate Editor.

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## Answers to Real Estate Queries

Address all questions to the Real Estate Information Bureau, Boston AMERICAN, Full name and address of the inquirer must appear on the questions will be disregarded. Please send a stamped envelope to receive answers. No charge will be made for the service.

Q.—I have been called upon to show money of three purchases. When I land them down, they have paid almost money for them. I have paid almost money for them. I have paid almost money for them.

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## Many Lots Sold at Wellesley Manor

John Hinton, the well-known land developer with offices in the Old South building, reports considerable success with his new tract at Wellesley Manor. Large crowds visited the property all week—especially last Sunday and Monday (April 19th and 20th). As a result a number of lots were sold. The lots were sold at a price of about a dollar and a half per acre. The lots were sold at a price of about a dollar and a half per acre.

## SELL REALTY AT PUBLIC AUCTION

A number of properties in various parts of the Metropolitan district will be sold at public auction during the week ending April 25th. The properties are located in various parts of the Metropolitan district. The properties are located in various parts of the Metropolitan district.

## Begin Work on Back Bay Structure

Work will commence this week on the new structure for the Back Bay. The structure is located in the Back Bay. The structure is located in the Back Bay.

## "Safety First"

The safety of the public is the first consideration in the construction of the new structure. The safety of the public is the first consideration in the construction of the new structure.

## T. T. Ellis Sells Worcester Block

The sale is reported of the estate of T. T. Ellis, a well-known real estate developer. The estate is located in the Worcester Block. The estate is located in the Worcester Block.

## BOYS FARM IN

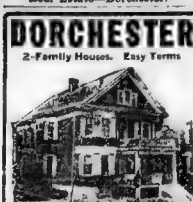
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## Real Estate—Miscellaneous.

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## Real Estate—Dorchester.



## 2-Fam. Houses

COME and have your house finished to suit you. I am building some now, at a moderate cost, electric lights, front and back piazzas, pretty street, good location, extra well built, light, sunny rooms, reasonable prices and easy terms: always open for inspection. Ashmont and Milton car to Shepley St. Call, write or telephone BUILDER, 34 Monmouth St., Phone Dor. 1162-2 or 149.

Real Estate—Dorchester.

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## Real Estate—Dorchester.

COME and have your house finished to suit you. I am building some now, at a moderate cost, electric lights, front and back piazzas, pretty street, good location, extra well built, light, sunny rooms, reasonable prices and easy terms: always open for inspection. Ashmont and Milton car to Shepley St. Call, write or telephone BUILDER, 34 Monmouth St., Phone Dor. 1162-2 or 149.

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## Real Estate—Waverley.

CORNER LOT—\$350  
C. E. TRENHOLM  
WARRIOR REAL ESTATE  
WARRIOR REAL ESTATE

## Real Estate—Winthrop

WINTHROP LAND.

## WINTHROP CENTER

## Real Estate—West Somerville.

## Real Estate—Wollaston.

WOLLASTON BEACH.

## Real Estate—Quincy.

\$3000 Quincy Bargain \$3000

## Real Estate—Saugus.

## Real Estate—Somerville.

SOMERVILLE.

## Real Estate—Medford.

MEDFORD HOUSES.

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## Real Estate Auctions.

Edward T. Harrington Co.  
293 Washington Street  
WILL. BELL  
AT PUBLIC AUCTION  
Wednesday, April 28  
ON THE PREMISES  
378 Massachusetts Avenue  
LEXINGTON

## EXECUTORS' SALE

of Real Estate and Household Goods  
Wednesday, April 28, 1915

## Real Estate—West Somerville.

WOLLASTON BEACH.

## Real Estate—Quincy.

\$3000 Quincy Bargain \$3000

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## Business Property To Let.

GOOD  
OFFICES  
LOW  
RENT

## Real Estate—Winthrop

WINTHROP LAND.

## WINTHROP CENTER

## Real Estate—West Somerville.

## Real Estate—Wollaston.

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# SOCIETY AND WOMEN'S CLUBS

Sunday, April 25, 1915 Boston

American

Sunday, April 25, 1915



PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHTED 1915, BY KARZANJIAN, NEW YORK.

MISS DOROTHY JORDAN SOCIETY'S SOLO DANCER, TO APPEAR IN VINCENT CLUB SHOW

## Mrs. Gardner Converted to Fox Trot? So a Little Bird Told the Dowager

A much anticipated feature will be the new dances by Miss Dorot Jordan, who for several years has occupied a star position in the Vincent Club shows. Miss Jordan already has a reputation for much proficiency in specialty steps, many of which have been originated by herself. Her appearance at the Vincent shows is always a source of great interest to the throng of fashionable spectators.

The bugler for the sailors' drill will be Miss Edith Skourney. Tickets for the performance are on sale at Herrick's from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m., daily. Miss Suezette Shurita having charge of the entire

**ACTIVITIES OF**

draw Robson have been there visiting the Elshah Dyers, Mr. Robson, the father of Mrs. Andrew Robson of Walnut street, Brookline, has taken a house in the city, and the mother and Mrs. Robson will get all the fun they can out of the Newport game. Mrs. Robson was formerly Miss W. W. Austin, and was at one time, mighty popular matron among the cottage colony.

In spite of the many attractions

and the fine were to have been they for the same. The speakers were Mrs. Margaret Thomas, who will entertain the Far East Luncheon Club; Mrs. C. D. Johnson, Miss Madea Sturgis, Mrs. A. A. Hunsell, Mrs. Parkman Blake, Miss Elsie Dalton, Mrs. J. L. Bremer, Mr. and Mrs. T. Tucker Burr and Miss Baker.

Miss Dorothy Jordan is chairman of the committee in charge of the tea. The committee members are: Henry Brooks, Miss Helen Bullard, Miss Burr, Miss Frances Hoar, Miss



**TRAVELERS GUIDE**

**MARSTERS TOURS**

**ACROSS AMERICA**

for Girls on Tuesday afternoon. Her subject was "The Her Cross Society"

\* \* \*

Bayard Tuckerman, Jr. of Boston

Munroe Smith.  
 Harold Comer, member of Brookline,  
 member of Tead, Burrage & Co., and  
 of the First Corp Cadets, and Miss  
 Margaret Frances Kudder, daughter  
 of Charles W. Kudder, of Hingham,  
 will have a church wedding  
 on the evening of May 8 at the New  
 North Church, Hingham. The reception  
 will follow in the parish house.

The engagement of Miss Jose  
 Adams Twombly of Groveland  
 and Henderson is announced.  
 Hon. and Mrs. Lars And  
 opened their residence at the C  
 last evening for a concert in t  
 the Belgian Pure and Lafayette  
 Miss Margie Teyts sang.

Mrs. A. I. Croil of Boston and Mrs. L. H. Manchester, in Baltimore, the guest of Mrs. Randolph Barton, Jr., at "Airlair," her country place near Pikeville.

Mrs. Charles Stedman Hanks of Commonwealth Avenue is at "Seacoct" West Manchester, until June, when George D. Allen will have a diaphanous will take occupancy of the cottage for the remainder of the season.

The Almack has given an annual ball at the Copley-Plaza Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Robert D. Evans and Miss H. Alice of Boston arrived Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, Va., last week.

Mrs. Alison T. L. Haughton Stockbridge, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Alden, returned from a visit to the city yesterday.

The Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. David Franklin Houston have taken a cottage at Woods Hole. Mrs. Houston and children will arrive there early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Smith have been in New York City and have returned to Boston.

**P**

**CUNARD**

**CALIFORNIA \$98.20**  
**EXCURSIONS** Round Trip

One way \$58.35 and up and the same rates apply to Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. Go one way and return another; stopovers allowed. Information cheerfully given. 20 years' experience.

We would like to tell you all about the finest kind of travel.

The Winston Churchills will be the capital the coming week in Summer home in Cornish, N. H.

Beginning **MONDAY, MAY 3**  
*In Good Stores Everywhere*  
 During Nemo Week you can select from **FULL**  
**LINE**s of Nemo Corset Specialties and secure

The Frederick Ayres of Boston and Frieda Crossman, who are still at Los Angeles, have received the interesting news of the arrival of a grandchild. The baby was recently born to Lieut. and Mrs. John R. Patton, U. S. A. (Bastiarre Army) at Fort Riley, Kansas.

The Sunday-Pulman wedding last night, at the Hotel Astor, was a very brilliant affair. The bride, Miss St. Regis, New York, A. C. B. registered at the Tuxedo Hotel, and the groom, Mr. Proctor of Boston, a dinner of fifteen covers at St. Regis.

Thomas P. Beal, president of the Second National Bank of Boston, and his wife, Mrs. Beal, of New York, they opened their Cove cottage March 25.

The Neal Handouts will pay Beverly Fines cottages May 1.

Made to Order at **\$8.00**  
Others from \$5 to \$25

**Penn.** *The*

**American Line**  
American Steamers  
Under American Flag  
Cable and Jet Class "Passenger" Only  
New York—Liverpool (Noon).  
New York, New 1 Philadelphia, New 8  
Company's Office, 35 State St., Boston

**New York Hotels.**

**MOTEL VAN CANTANET**  
142 TO 146 WEST 4TH ST., NEW YORK.  
142 West 4th St. New York, N.Y.

She accompanied her daughter, the recently announced fiancée of George Putnam, to the wedding. Mrs. Harris is a relative of both Hon. Charles Ames and the late Ex-Gov. Oliver Ames of Massachusetts.





# Some Society Beauties And Their Canine friends

As seen by  
our Futurist  
WILLIAM STEVENS



♦ MRS. ARNOLD LAWSON ♦



LITTLE HARRIET  
VAN DUSEN

SAMMY  
POTTER



MISS LOUISE  
HILL, WITH  
HER WOLF  
HOUNDS ♦

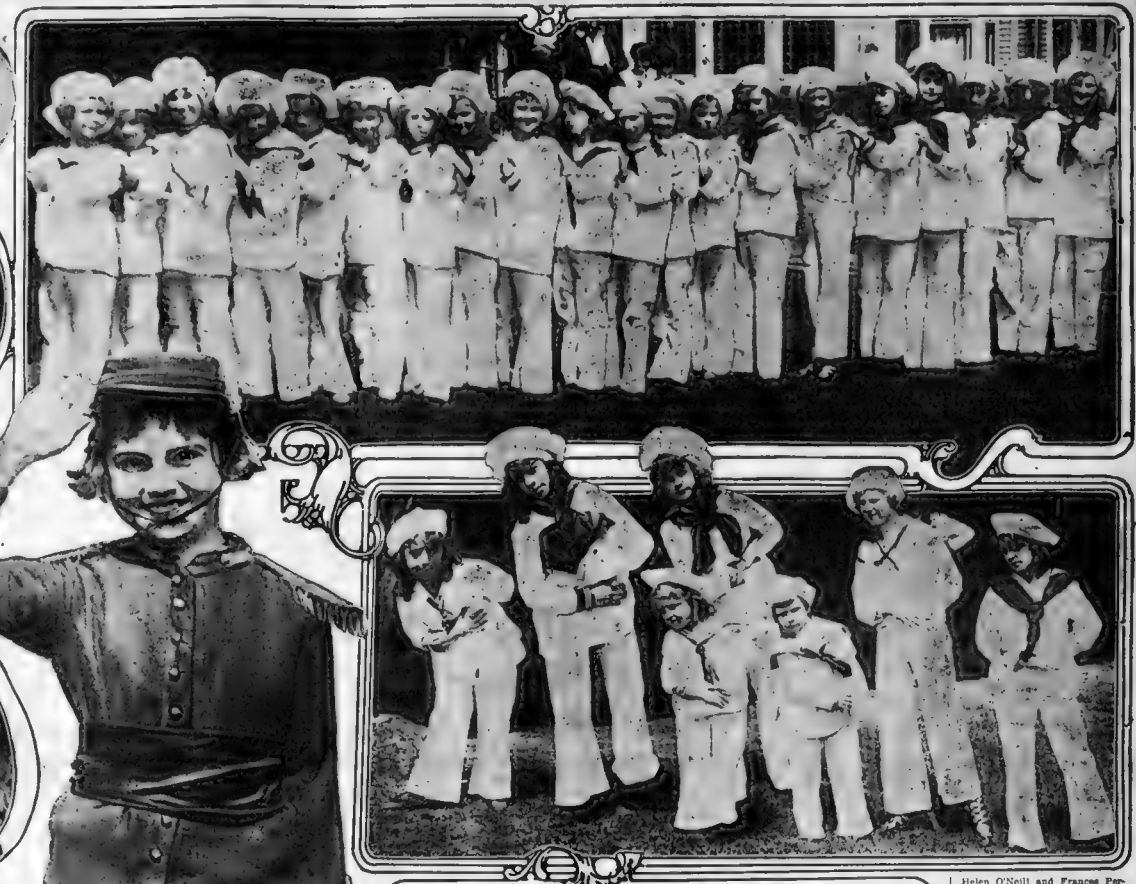
DOROTHY  
FORBES







Left to right: Wilma Morrison, Ruth Pinkos, Frances Wyzansky, Dorothy McKay, Ruth Horan, Dorothy Klous, Grace Lucier, Dorothy Gordon, Sadie Bakeman, Louise Liston, Florence Perkins, Grace Haley, Ethel Foley, Leonita Flynn, Grace McGuire, Katherine McGuire, Mildred Coughlan, Helen McCoubrey, Esther Purcello, Marie Lowman, Anna Biggans.



Miss Horslin is herself a graduate of the Dorothea Dix School for Slaves.

In-law, Mrs. W. E. Spalding, Mrs. A. T. Thorne, Mrs. F. F. F. Mrs. C. T. Lovering, Jr., Mrs. C. F. Lyman, the Misses A. D. Hooper, Marion Wehl, M. E. Caughn and Frances C. Murgis.

Lucy and Mrs. George Stramer; recording secretary Mrs. William Kinneer; corresponding secretary, Miss M. Annie Carr; treasurer, Miss Stella O. Libbey; historian, Mrs. A. Lincoln Bowles.

**Boston Hygienic Corset Co.**  
59 Temple Place  
Blake Building. Take Elevator

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# Strange Disease of the Liberty Bell

**Extraordinary Malady  
Which Threatens to  
Destroy the Nation's  
Most Precious Relic**

**L**IBERTY BELL, the most precious relic of the birth of this nation, is afflicted with an insidious disease of so serious a character that metallurgical experts have advised against sending it to San Francisco for exhibition at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

This news will come as a keen disappointment to the people of the Pacific Coast—especially to the school children of California, who signed a petition two and a half miles long asking that the bell be sent to the great fair. There were several precedents supporting such a request. Liberty Bell made the journey to New Orleans in 1885, to Chicago in 1893, to Charleston in 1905, to Atlanta in 1906, to Boston in 1907 and to St. Louis in 1904.

But since its return from that last journey to its home in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, the crack which has disgraced the old bell for the last eighty years has widened and extended alarmingly—a result of the strange disease which the experts have discovered. The original rupture, extending from the rim two-thirds of the way to the bell's shoulder, occurred in the tolling of a dirge with a muffled clapper at the funeral of John Marshall, first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. That was the last public occasion upon which its voice was heard.

Recently the ghost of that voice, produced by gentle strokes from a wooden mallet, was sent over the telephone wire to San Francisco, and phonograph records



Liberty Bell, from a Recent Photograph, Showing the Old Flare and the Widening Newer Crack—a Result of the "Tin Pest"

were made so that at least the voice of Liberty Bell might be heard by visitors to the exposition.

Visible manifestation of the disease suffered by Liberty Bell exists in the new crack, which begins at the top of the vertical old one and extends diagonally around the upper portion of the bell for more than a quarter of its circumference. As in the case of a human patient, there has been a diagnosis and a course

of treatment prescribed. The old bell's doctor is Alexander E. Outerbridge, Jr., who holds the chair of metallurgy at Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. In his report to the curator of the museum where the bell rests Mr. Outerbridge

"It is no hyperbolic figure of speech to say that the venerated Liberty Bell is afflicted with a serious disease. Metallurgists have adopted into their technical phraseology the term 'diseases of metals,' and recognizes several such maladies. I myself have no hesitation in saying that the bell has a distemper which should insure its most careful preservation from all shocks such as it would be subjected to in a long journey."

A hint of the precise nature of Liberty Bell's malady is contained in the result of recent researches into the cause of the decay of tin, which enters in more than the ordinary quantity into the composition of this specimen of the bell-founders' art. As set forth in the London periodical called *Engineering*, tin, when subjected to cold weather for some weeks, changes from the brilliant, normal condition of the metal to a gray powder. The article continues:

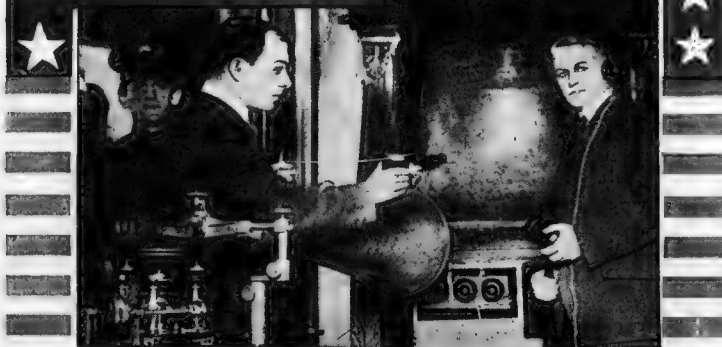
"Every particle of gray tin becomes a centre for the formation of more gray tin; the transformation advances very slowly in the dense metal, but each particle of the gray tin acts like the germ of a disease, and in this sense it may be said that the tin is infected, and that all tin is liable to infection with the tin disease, or tin pest. In the cold galleries of museums the danger of tin infection is particularly great, and this museum disease is very prevalent."

The foregoing is quoted in Mr. Outerbridge's report on Liberty Bell, the conditions mentioned applying to its case with striking significance.

So it appears that if Liberty Bell is to be preserved for another century as a bell, and not mere fragments of one, it must be guarded against all shocks and extreme cold.



Independence Hall, Philadelphia, the Museum Where the Liberty Bell Rests.



Making Phonograph Records of the Old Bell's Voice for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

# Why It Is Often VERY HARMFUL TO SIT DOWN

## If You Don't Like WHALE, TRY MICE

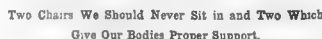
## ELECTRIC GONGS and SIGNS to Warn the CAR BEHIND



## A PLANT That GROWS INK

## Just What Kind of HOUSES BIRDS LIKE

**Many CHAIRS SO BADLY DESIGNED That They Are TORTURE for Our SPINAL COLUMNS**



## Why We CAN'T DODGE the "PERSONAL EQUATION"

## 2. "PERSONAL EQUATION"

## SCIENCE NOW KNOWS—

## Some Day We'll ALL Have SMALL, PRETTY FEET

## MORE MEN INSANE Than Women

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# "I Didn't Raise My Girl to Be A Tribby"

This Little Margaret Edwards in One of the Special Creeping Exercises That Gives Her Perfect Poise and Balance.



photo BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE.

A mother raised her pretty daughter up  
'Till she'd made her a perfect girl;  
She took first prize at all the beauty shows,  
And sent each head away awlirl;  
The movies took her far from mother's side,  
And mother took one look, and then she cried:

"I didn't raise my girl to be a Tribby—  
I taught her to be natural, it's true,  
But there are times when covers are a comfort,  
And daughter really ought to have a few,  
A Venus has no business in the movies;  
That airy pose looks very cool to me.  
My girl may be a queen,  
But not upon a screen—  
I didn't raise my girl to be a Tribby."

CHORUS.

And This Is the  
Perfect Girl in a  
Leaping Exercise  
That Perfects  
the Legs and  
Keeps Down  
Fat.

I some such words as these would the bard who wrote that immortal anti-war lyric, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," have embodied, perhaps, the distressing situation of which little Margaret Edwards, "America's Perfect Girl," is the centre. Perfection, alas! has its perils. It scares the fierce white light that beats on thrones and it walks the way perilous wherein the least stumble is comparable only to the worst kind of a fall for the imperfect and those whose peregrinations are not accompanied by the spotlight. At the same time little Miss Margaret cannot be blamed, even by those who have the most decided ideas upon the subject, because, as she says, she was taught to be natural, that nothing wholesomely natural could have any harm in it, and because, quite naturally, she always looked upon clothes simply as things to slip on or off as the case might be. This being so, she is only to be sympathized with when she suddenly discovers that there are a number of people in the world, not taught just that way, who believe that it is possible to be too natural, and that there is a time and place for all things, even to the taking on and off of clothes.

Nor can Mrs. Andrews, the devoted mother, who brought little Miss Margaret up to be perfect, be blamed. As she says, she was ill and in a hospital when the annoying matter occurred, and while she thinks a great fuss is being made about

nothing, still if she had not been ill it would never, never have happened. But why "Tribby"? Why, Tribby, it will be remembered, caused a lot of conservative persons much worry because she posed in what is known as "the altogether." And, yes—little Miss Margaret did the same thing. That is what all the trouble is about, you see. Not only that, but there were a number of coles made of the allegory of which she was the most conspicuous figure, and when it got running little Miss Margaret walked innocently and naturally and in the altogether in half a hundred different cities every night—across the screen, that is, of course, for it was a moving picture.

That was much worse than poor Tribby, who also posed innocently, because there weren't more than half a dozen pictures of her that way, perhaps. Then when the allegory reached Los Angeles, where the Andrews live, the first thing Mrs. Andrews saw after she had recovered was her daughter's picture ambling around just as though she were in Eden, while half the people who looked on with her thought it was beautiful, and the other half thought it oughtn't to be allowed. Then Los Angeles, feeling a more or less proprietary interest in the Perfect Girl, took up the matter with just about the same division of sentiment. And in the meantime the Board of Censors ordered the pictures stopped and arrested the theatre proprietors who were showing them. And it almost made Mrs. Andrews ill again.

Little Margaret Andrews has been known to newspaper readers for a number of years. She is not so little now—just about seventeen. From babyhood her mother trained her on a system of her own, a system designed to make her an absolutely healthy and physically perfect girl. A woman of great intelligence, her system worked out and has since been copied by schools and mothers all over the country. Little Miss Margaret was a wonder at seven, a classic model at fourteen and now gives promise in figure of being a Diana, an Atlanta and a Helen of Troy all in one. The system, however, did not follow the conventional lines as to the purposes of

While in This She Is Maintaining the Beauty Lines of Her Torso



**Distressing Experiences of  
"America's Perfect Girl" and of  
Her Devoted Mother Who  
Brought Her Up to Be Natural—  
but Not as Innocently Natural  
as She Made Herself in  
the "Movies."**

clothes. Instead it was more Grecian and certainly hygienic. More and more people in the years Miss Margaret has been growing up have come to have the same idea. Therefore it was that in her innocence, when Mamma Andrews was very, very ill and the offer came to little Miss Margaret to pose in this particular allegory, that she saw no harm in it at all. She couldn't consult with mamma because she was too sick to be bothered, but it certainly never crossed her mind that there could have been any objection. Any thought of refusal would have seemed as absurd to her as the classic admonition of the mother to her water-loving daughter must have seemed to the maiden of whom it is written: "Mother, may I go in to swim?" "Yes, my darling daughter; But hang your clothes on a hickory limb, And don't go near the water!" Of course, the allegorical figure you will represent is—also—undraped," they told her. "Well, what of that?" quoth she. "Oh, nothing, nothing," they said. And so the pictures were made. Little Miss Margaret went wandering through thousands of feet of the allegory just as innocently as possible. "Aren't they pretty?" she said—and went back to Los Angeles.

Now, as to what happened later there are two stories. One is that when Mrs. Andrews was getting better she heard about the affair, questioned Margaret, hadn't the heart to disturb her daughter's very natural point of view on the matter and waited anxiously for the pictures to come in racks so she could see them. The other is that she was very rudely shocked by the sight of posters that carried to her mind familiar lines of a figure she herself had modelled, and was considerably more distressed because she thought there was anything wrong about it. Only, being a woman of experience and intelligence, she forsook the criticism which was inevitable. However, the mischief, if mischief there was, was done.

The Los Angeles Board of Censors took exception to the allegory and caused the arrest of the proprietors of the theatre where the picture was being displayed. They charged them with having "photographed, delineated and produced the picture of a nude woman," adding that the picture "shows the figure in such detail as to offend public morality and decency." This was even more distressing, and immediately almost every one took sides either for or against little Miss Margaret's achievement. Some of the opinions are interesting.

Mrs. Russell B. Hallett, a member of the Board of Censors, who voted against the picture, said: "So far as entertainment and artistic value are concerned it is all right. It is a very beautiful picture. In condemning its exhibition here I was actuated by several motives. It arouses vulgar curiosity, as will be noted by the crowds of men and boys around the display in front of the theatre."

But again, Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, the president of the Millken Club, said: "There is nothing indecent or immoral in showing in a wholly artistic and entirely unobtrusive manner the beautiful form of a perfect specimen of womanhood. Only those who look for indecency in art

can find it, and then it is only in their own minds. The man or woman whose primal emotions are so gross, whose mentality is so abnormal, that they can see evil in this picture are not to be taken into consideration. As a mother, as a teacher in the public schools for years, as a worker for the uplifting of the human race, I unreservedly take every man, woman and child should see this picture."

Which certainly leaves no uncertainty as to Mrs. Foltz's feelings. This is what Mrs. Andrews herself had to say about it: "I am so sorry Margaret has had to meet with criticism and be misunderstood. 'Had I not been ill, delirious and in the hospital, it would not have occurred. However, I am proud she is such a sweet, good child and possessed of such a true perspective of physical and artistic expression that the criticisms have not meant as much to her as they might to one older and having more understanding of the world.'"

Clearly she indicates that it was not for a spectacle of this sort that she had raised her daughter. And as for little Miss Margaret, this is what she had to say: "Always a beautiful body, a perfect physical condition, has seemed to be but the expression of spirit. To be well, to be happy, to be good—that is surely what nature meant for children. When we bring evil thought to the expression of nature's handiwork we are harming our own progress."

The idea of the allegory may perhaps have been taken from a very beautiful painting. I wonder if the model who posed for that has been criticized as I have been. 'Don't you think, after all, the pity is that there are some people so evil-minded that they find enjoyment in transposing all good and beauty, all truth into wrong?'

"All my life I have been part of Nature's moods. I was so ill when a baby my mother would leave me hours in the sunlight, unshielded. As I grew older and lived far up in the mountains of our Napa ranch, my great joy was to ride or tramp barefoot, absolutely without clothing, the winds, the sun, the mists all brought strength and peace. "Physical exercise, music and the study of art; these have always been the things I most loved. To slip from my room at the ranch and dance in the moonlight under the great trees, like one of the nymphs of which I had read, that was beautiful."

"Mother has always taught me that a perfect body must be revered, as the temple of Nature. Whenever I have visited art galleries, or studied great statues and pictures from reproductions, ever the human body has seemed to me the beautiful expression of all that is highest and best."

So it was when, finally I was told how I was to pose I thought it not strange; all were so kind, so considerate. It was not until I heard what people were saying, that I appreciated what others might think."

Soon a jury trial will decide whether the theatre proprietors were right or wrong in disobeying the censoring board and in going ahead about this allegory. If all shows, however, that there are certain unpleasant complications that can occur to people brought up to be natural that can't occur to others reared with an unnatural and artificial reverence for clothes.

And in Another That Develops the Whole Body from Neck to Ankles.

# Why Nobody Wants the Noble Duke of Orleans.



Wood Norton, the Duke's Splendid English Home, Where He Does Not Live Because Nobody Wants Him.

THE DUKES OF ORLEANS great-grandfather, the last King of France, was a soldier by all the standards of Europe in turn. He was a man who has been treated more or less on his merits.

The Duke, in the course of his career, has been snubbed by practically every government and royal family in Europe, including those of the present Allies and their opponents. They seem positively to enjoy throwing him out of the front door and kicking him down the steps in addition.

He has been exiled from France. He has been driven from his London club and boycotted by English society. He has been condemned by the Imperial family of Austria because his wife, a member of that family, left him to examine him with great cruelty.

He has been driven from his home in a country where he was called a "duke" and a "duke" is a title of nobility.

And now he has been refused permission to serve in any military capacity by France, England and Russia. He cannot get into the commissary department of any of these countries.

As the Duke's position in talking to the press is a very delicate one, he has had to be very careful in his statements.

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Rejected by the French, English and Russian Armies in Turn, Snubbed by Every Government and Royal Family in Europe, the Giddy Pretender to France's Throne Is a Ruler

Only of Cafes and Cabarets



The Duke of Orleans, Great-Grandson of the last King of France, Who Has Just Received Notice That He Is Not Wanted in the Army of France or That of Any of the Allies in Any Capacity Whatsoever.

There is no successful prosecution of his ambitions.

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The Duke's Handsome Sisters, Ex-Queen Amelie, of Portugal; the Duchess of Aosta and Princess Louise of Orleans. Who Are Much Worried by the Discredit He Is Casting on Their Royal Families.



Caused the Fickle Duke's Wife to Leave Him and to Be Guiding His Latest Political Adventures.

fore the crash came. The poor Duke had led a life of misery and humiliation for years, as the world has recently learned, with his husband but before coming to that it is necessary to refer to some of his exploits in the meantime.

The Duke's only virtue, today the most valuable of all, is his ability to make a fool of himself. He had to have a maid under the late King Leopold of Belgium and to have her completely surpassed his professor.

Recently he became a very popular figure in the city. He was seen with her in the restaurants and cafes of Brussels, making merry in an uproarious manner.

The Duke's only virtue from any point of view appears to be his extravagance. It is remarkable because his recent actions have been very close. He has not been able to make a fool of himself.

One evening after a particularly merry session in a Brussels cafe, Ninette, who grip had been loosened by the festivities, dropped one of these historic pearls on the floor and left it there. It was no credit to her by an ordinary lady.

At the time of the Duke's French party was very strong with the Duke, and the Duke thought he would make a strong bid for popularity. He wrote a letter to the Duke.

congratulation to the cartoonist, M. Will, who had published a very successful cartoon representing "Duke Paul" Krasser parking Queen Victoria.

At that time the Duke was a resident of London and occupied a splendid country house called Woodmorton in Oxfordshire. The English made the country too warm for him and he was forced to return from all his London clubs. It is even said that a party of Britons gave him such a warm invitation that he was unable to attend on three weeks.

After that he made Brussels his favorite meeting ground. There he became an object of public interest. The Duke is a very tall, stout man, with a very prominent nose and an exuberant manner. He prides himself on his resemblance to his ancestor King Henry IV, the celebrated Henry of Navarre, and he trains his whippers to carry out the resemblance.

King Henry was the friend of Gabrielle d'Estree, and a score or more of other noted beauties. In fact he was one of the most warm-hearted but fickle men in French history. He is also the most popular King France has ever had. That is why the Duke harks back to him, overhauling a few more French kings.

The Duke resembles his great ancestor in his passionate affections. Sometimes when heated with wine and enthusiasm he will tell his fair and gay companions that he is going to do something quite in the style of Henry of Navarre at the battle of Ivry when he cried: "Look where you see my white plume shining amid the ranks of war. And to your orphans to-day the helmet of Navarre."

The Duke goes forth, but before he has time far some common policeman or low class government official forces him back to his room. The Duke has a very high opinion of himself. He is even said to have made a picture of himself with her own hands a picture of an angel leaving the emblem of the Duke, very tastefully dressed, shooting rabbits.

Madame Auffmordt, Formerly Countess de Salverte, the Beautiful Woman Who Is Said to Have Caused the Fickle Duke's Wife to Leave Him and to Be Guiding His Latest Political Adventures.

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All was of no avail. She was able to ignore the existence of chorus girls and other plebeian persons, but when he became profoundly devoted to a fascinating society woman it was more than she could stand.

This fascinating friend was a Madame Auffmordt, wife of a German merchant but originally Mlle. Charlotte Bacchioni de Salverte, a member of a very old French family. She was first married to the Duke de Praslin, from whom she was divorced, and she then married Mrs. Palau, of Lyons.

The count stated that Madame Auffmordt was residing at a series of political dinners to the Duke's supporters and that she was inspiring him with ideas.

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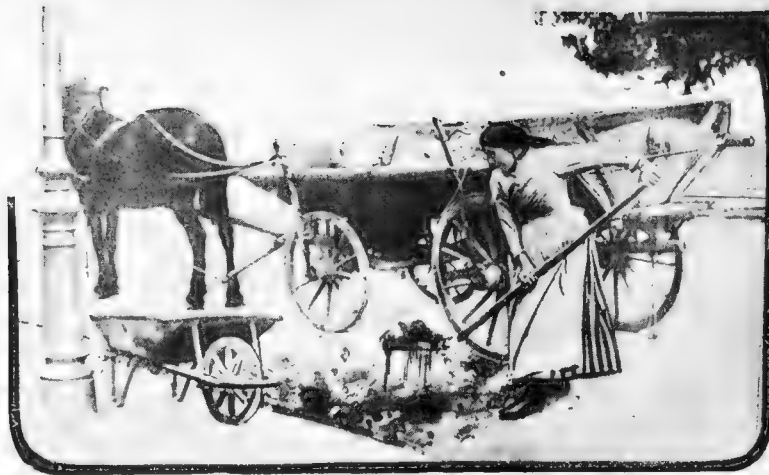
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**Young Mr. Whitney (Aristocratic and a Millionaire) and Charming Miss Dube (Sewing Girl) Were in It When It Stuck and NOW--Miss Dube Is Very Happy, Very Rich Mrs. Whitney**

## What Makes Us Dread to Die

[illegible]



Throwing Mud and Refuse into the Street Cleaner's Cart, Dirty Work for Woman in Leipzig.



Carrying a Load of Mortar, Dreary Work for the Fun-Loving Vienna Girls.



Girls Have Taken the Place of Milkmen in Berlin, Requiring Much Exposure to Bad Weather.



Even the Conductors on German Street Railroads Have Been Replaced by Women.



Woman Working as a Chauffeur on a Taxi in Paris.

# How Women Are Driven

War Conditions  
Unheard of in  
Modern Times  
Compel the  
Weaker Sex to  
Perform the  
Most Dangerous  
and Exhausting  
Labors in  
Order to Save Society from Chaos



ONE of the most striking consequences of this terrible war in Europe has been the employment of women in all kinds of strange and unsuitable occupations.

A large part of the male population has, of course, been called to the fighting ranks. The proportion of able-bodied workmen taken away from work must in every country of continental Europe have exceeded fifty per cent, while in some countries, as in Serbia, the whole male population has gone.

Consequently there were in some places only half enough men to do the work of the community and in others none at all. The women had to do the work whether it was suited to them or not, or the fields would have been uncultivated, the streets uncleaned, the food unmarketed and the dead unburied.

American women may like to see what might happen to them if this country became engaged in a really great life-and-death war. The photographs on this page will give them a vivid idea of the conditions they would have to face.

How would our women like to mine the coal, to haul it to the trains, to clean the streets, to carry the bricks and mortar, to deliver the milk in the morning and do all the hardest work of the country? Are they strong enough to do the work if they were the only people left to do it? Are they as fitted for hard manual labor as the women of Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Serbia and England?

The modern dances are completely out of fashion in London, Paris and Berlin now, and carrying a load is considered better form for a woman.

There are two classes of labor which are most necessary to the existence of a community. The first and great class is the producing and marketing of food. The other is the cleaning of the streets, collecting of garbage and the various sanitary services of a similar kind. This latter class of work is of vital importance in cities of any considerable size, because otherwise they would be depopulated by sickness and pestilence.

Now it is significant that the photographs from Germany show that women are largely occupied in cultivating the fields and cleaning the streets.

The Germans have been confronted with a terrible problem when required to send all their soldiers to the front and still keep up the home food supply. The country at ordinary times imports about one-sixth of its total consumption of food. Now the British navy has nearly cut off the import supply. At the same time the summoning of the men to the army has greatly reduced the supply of farm workers.

To meet this condition the Government has restricted the consumption of food and induced all the women possible to go to work in the fields. An association formed by the Government buys up all the four and five-acre farms in the country and of the bread made from it every person is allowed to buy only four pounds a week.

This system has assured comparatively good wages for the women who have gone to work on the farms. They have responded nobly to the call of their country, and besides it has been impressed upon them that it is their duty to produce as much as possible.

The women are hoeing the potatoes, planting the corn, ploughing the fields and doing all the hard work of farm labor in addition to the lighter work, such as milking the cows and feeding the chickens, which they always used to do.

It is a startling sight to see a woman struggling along under a huge sack of potatoes or spading up a field. It is even more startling to find them engaged in slaughtering cattle and pigs. This is about as far removed from what we are accustomed to think of as women's work as anything we can imagine.

Most of these women workers are young and have children. Sometimes the children are kept near the place where the mothers are working and sometimes they are left in charge of some woman too old and feeble to do anything else.

Not only growing food, but the distribution of it has been left to women in most parts of Europe. A woman grows the farm produce, another collects it and loads it on the wagon and another drives it to the nearest town. Without them the war could not continue.

In Berlin now it is a milkmaid instead of a milkman who brings the milk at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. This is the hardest kind of work, requiring extremely early hours and exposing a girl to all kinds of weather. It is very destructive of feminine beauty and delicacy. An American girl would shrink with horror from such work.

Even such dangerous and difficult labor as coal mining is being carried on by women. In the mining districts of Germany you can see teams

Old Women with Horns, Accompanied by Dogs, Are Stationed Outposts of South Germany to Guard the Approach of Hostile Ships. The Warning Is Quick from One Woman to Another.

Doing a Blacksmith's Work in Berlin, the Hardest Labor Yet Attempted by Women.

Woman Street Sweeper in Dresden



Woman Delivering Coal in Berlin, Very Much Harder Than Carrying the Baby.





# Doing the Men's Work

Women Work as Ploughmen and Blacksmiths.

Women Run Street Cars and Taxicabs.

Women Deliver the Milk and Papers.

Women Carry Bricks and Mortar.

Women Are Sweeping the Streets.

Women Drive the Pigs to Market.

Women Grow All the Foodstuffs.

Women Are Burying the Dead.

Women Haul Coal from Mines.

Women Mend the Roads.



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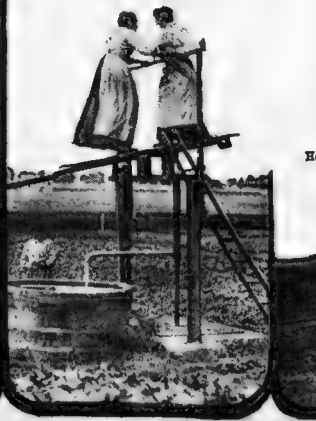
England, Hard-  
Woman.



Pushing  
Barrow Loads  
of Wood Is  
Harder Than  
Hauling the  
Bargain  
Counter.

A Frenchwoman, Miss Jeanne  
Watson, Macheres, has become  
Mayor of Soissons, the most war-  
torn spot on the French battle line.  
She took the place because all the  
eligible Frenchmen had been killed

Women Running Irrigation Pump on  
a Bavarian Farm, a Particularly  
Trying Kind of Labor.



Loading a Car with Mortar in the Berlin Sub-  
urbs, a Severe Labor for Women.

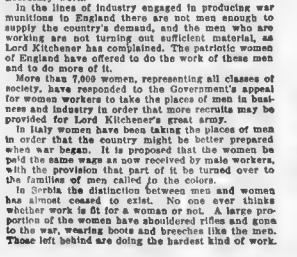
of women best double over the cars that carry the coal  
from the pit heads to the railroad cars on which it  
must be loaded.  
Women are forced to perform this killing labor  
because horses are too valuable and too much needed  
for the army.  
The transportation both of people and freight, ex-  
cept in the case of the main steam railroad lines, has  
fallen largely into the hands of women. The  
main railroads are an exception because they are a  
vital part of the military organization, and the men  
on them are soldiers acting under the orders of mili-  
tary officers.  
While some women are actually engaged in fight-  
ing, many others are performing auxiliary services to  
the fighting forces. A considerable region of South  
Germany is exposed to attacks from daring French  
aviators, the French fighting line having been pushed  
into German territory in that direction.  
To guard against these aviators the German women  
of the Schwarzwald have organized a peculiar scout-  
ing corps. They are equipped with antiquated horses  
on which they sound a special note when an aviator  
is sighted. This warning is passed along from one  
horn to another until it is soon carried over a terri-  
tory of many miles.  
Perhaps the strangest report about female activities  
that has come from the scene of war is that Austrian  
archduchesses have taken to scrubbing floors. Now  
Austria is the most aristocratic country in the world  
and the archduchesses are the most aristocratic  
ladies in Austria. It was the extremely blue-  
blooded husband of Queen Marie Antoinette, who was  
an Austrian archduchess by birth,  
that helped to bring on the French  
Revolution, and it is the boast of  
Austrian court circles that they have  
not changed a bit since then—or at  
least it was their boast up to the  
beginning of this war.  
Now the shortage of male workers  
and even of ordinary women work-  
ers has become so great in Austria  
that the archduchesses have gone to  
work in hospitals for wounded sol-  
diers and are not only acting as  
nurses, but are humbly scrubbing the  
floors. Others have gone to work as  
cooks and are making a very poor  
job of it compared to ordinary Mary  
Janes.  
Street railways, taxicabs, com-  
munes and delivery wagons in Europe  
are now generally run by women.  
Kitty, a nurse girl has given up her  
job at the baby carriage to do the  
better paid work of a truck driver.  
Even on the main railways it has  
been necessary to call in a good many  
women to supply the deficiencies of  
men.  
A Frenchwoman, Miss Jeanne  
Watson, Macheres, has become  
Mayor of Soissons, the most war-  
torn spot on the French battle line.  
She took the place because all the  
eligible Frenchmen had been killed

had gone away. Soissons, as most people know, is the  
nearest place to Paris that was held by the Germans  
after they were beaten back from the vicinity of the  
capital last September. Ever since then it has been  
the object of fierce struggles between French and  
Germans. When all the leading citizens left the  
stricken place on the eve of the German occupation  
Mme. Macheres took charge. She carried on the civil  
business of the city, ran the hospitals, superintended  
the city sanitation, the city's safety, the city's street  
cleaning and everything else.  
When the Germans occupied the city the commander  
imposed a large indemnity upon it, but the woman  
Mayor persuaded him it was too large to be paid by  
such a place.  
The women went to work bravely in France last  
Fall and gathered the grapes, the greatest source of  
wealth which the country possesses. The war had  
just begun when the greater part of the vintage be-  
came ripe, and, of course, there was no time for  
Frenchmen called to defend their country to attend  
to the vineyards.  
Some very odd situations have been caused by this  
wholesale employment of women. Hands that never  
handled anything heavier than lace and silk are now  
struggling with pick and shovel. Feet that trod the  
paradise in dainty shoes are now struggling over  
plowed fields.  
Over to the disorganization of society immense  
numbers of Frenchwomen have been turned out of  
their customary occupations. For instance, the par-  
ticularly large number who make women's dresses and  
other dainty articles of apparel have been forced to  
look for some other occupation.  
Girls who were lately fashioning exquisite evening  
gowns or lingerie are now running a street car or  
hoisting potatoes. They have accepted their fate with  
great courage, but it is terribly hard on some of them.  
Even many heads of important dressmaking estab-  
lishments must have suffered severely. The strange  
case in which Colonel Desclaux, of the French army,  
was accused of sending food belonging to the army to  
Madame Desclaux of Paris, seems to illustrate this.  
That a woman who once ran a well-known dressmaking  
establishment should wish to receive miscellaneous  
pieces of army food appears very strange.  
In times of peace the only kind of food a man could  
have dared to offer Madame Desclaux would have been  
an exquisitely cooked dinner, accompanied by the  
choicest vintages. When war came she thrilled at the  
gift of a mutton chop concealed in an old umbrella.  
Such is life!

In England the proportion of men who have gone  
to the war is not as great as in some other countries,  
but, nevertheless, it has been sufficient to have a  
great effect on women's activities. In some districts  
all the working men have enlisted owing to patriotism  
or the bad state of business, and consequently the  
women have been obliged to do all the work in those  
particular districts.  
Thus it happens that you can see an English woman  
doing the village blacksmith's task in many places.  
Other English women are digging up the fields, deliver-  
ing the milk, meat and vegetables and doing other  
necessary work.  
In the lines of industry engaged in producing war  
munitions in England there are not men enough to  
supply the country's demand, and the men who are  
working are not turning out sufficient material, as  
Lord Kitchener has complained. The patriotic women  
of England have offered to do the work of these men  
and to do more of it.  
More than 7,000 women, representing all classes of  
society, have responded to the Government's appeal  
for women workers to take the places of men in busi-  
ness and industry in order that more recruits may be  
provided for Lord Kitchener's great army.  
In Italy women have been taking the places of men  
in order that the country might be better prepared  
when war began. It is proposed that the women be  
paid the same wages as now received by male workers,  
with the provision that part of it be turned over to  
the families of men called in the colors.  
In Serbia the distinction between men and women  
has almost ceased to exist. No one ever thinks  
whether work is fit for a woman or not. A large pro-  
portion of the women have shouldered rifles and gone  
to the war, wearing boots and breeches like the men.  
Those left behind are doing the hardest kind of work.

Posting Bills  
in the Streets  
of Paris,  
Dangerous as  
Well as Hard  
Work.

How Would Our American Girls Enjoy Pushing Carloads of  
Coal Like These Austrian Women?



Woman Hauling  
a Water Cart in  
Munich  
Streets, a Task  
That Would  
Make a  
Man Sore.



A Switchwoman  
on the Paris  
Street Railways  
Who Has to  
Stand Out in  
All Kinds of  
Weather.



*Martha  
Washington's Will,  
Stolen From the  
Court House Records  
in Virginia,  
Was Bought by  
Mr. Morgan. Mr.  
Morgan, Knowing  
Where It Was  
Stolen From,  
Refuses to Give  
It Up.*

[illegible][illegible]

*The State of  
Virginia Aroused  
to Indignation  
By Morgan's  
Surprising Letter  
Offering a  
Photographic Copy  
of the Stolen  
Will Brings Suit  
to Recover  
the Precious  
Document.*

Facsimile of the Last Page of Martha Washington's Will.

Miss  
Belle  
da  
Costa  
Green,  
Mr.  
Morgan's  
Librarian  
in  
Mr  
Morgan's  
Library.

John  
Garland  
Pollard,  
Attorney  
General  
of  
Virginia.

[illegible]

owned it in his possession for thirty years, and shortly before his death passed it to his daughter, who, thirteen years later, in 1940, sold it to the late J. Pierpont Morgan.

"Contributor of war?" A lion then intervened in the task of saving the lion in rescued a public document relating to the Union Two years after the Union's cause had won.



ment to leave delivered by Mr. W. H. B. Stoddard, expert in mental diseases at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

"The appalling massacre of Boston, to acknowledge to himself that he, an African, was the same individual who preached the lessons at church and built the local churches, or he consoled his sinners with acts of piety and



charity. This is an example of what is known as "disparation," or, as we say, he is the same individual who preaches the lessons at church and built the local churches, or he consoled his sinners with acts of piety and

Though unwilling to give up Martha Washington's will, the present J. P. Morgan does not wholly ignore letters written to him on the subject. He even made suggestions to Governor Stuart, referring to the Fairfax County Court House as not discreet, and expressing the opinion that George Washington's will should be taken thence to Mount Vernon for safekeeping.

Mr. Morgan also objected to Fairfax County as inconvenient in the case of visitors who desire to inspect historic documents.

To many citizens of Virginia, and particularly Fairfax County, there is news about the Father of His Country than his last will and testament to even patriotic citizens of this country to visit Fairfax County. It

in the same in the case of Martha Washington. Both their lives were really rooted in the soil of that part of Virginia. It was the home placed to their hearts. Most of the valuable property they left was located there. Martha Washington, at the time of her death, was the richest woman of Fairfax County.

Who would not rather gaze upon



The Old Court House of F  
Wh

the original purchase of the wille  
of George and Martin Washington  
in the County Court House, where  
both of them rested together for  
nearly half a century, than even in  
inspect them at Mount Vernon?

In the United States Supreme  
Court, suit which Attorney-General  
Pofford, for the Commonwealth of  
Virginia, has brought against J. Pier-  
pont Morgan, in 1897 states that  
with its admission to probate the  
will of Martin Washington "became  
and now is the property of the Com-

The Old Court House of Fairfax County, Virginia (And Above) J. Pierpont Morgan.

the original purchase of the wille of George and Martha Washington in the County Court House, where both of them rested together for nearly half a century, than even to inspect them at Mount Vernon?

In the United States Supreme Court suit which Attorney-General Pollard, for the Commonwealth of Virginia, has brought against J. Pierpont Morgan, he clearly states that with its admission to probate the will of Martha Washington "became and now is the property of the Com-

This is virtually a statement of the common law concerning wills. When they have been admitted to probate they are permanently in the custody of that court, and the property of the Commonwealth. This law is common to the codes of all States. Section 2620 of the New York Code of Civil

Procedure, for example, begins with this paragraph:

"Every will admitted to probate, together with the decree, order or judgment admitting it to probate, shall be recorded in the proper Surrogate's Court. Where a written will is proved, it must be filed and remain in the Surrogate's office."

In view of all this, how can J. P. Morgan expect to retain possession of the will of Martha Washington, the stolen property of the sovereign State of Virginia?



# Widowed by The War

Sad and Lovely  
Victims of the  
Great Catastrophe  
That Has  
Bereaved Every  
Royal House  
in Europe and

The Honorable Mrs. Percy Wyndham, the Beautiful Young  
Daughter of Lord Ribblesdale, Whose Husband  
Was Killed in the War.

## Turned the House of Lords Into the House of Mourning

EUROPEAN high society has become a  
community of widows.

This fact has become even more in-  
teresting when it is added that the widows  
are usually young and frequently good  
looking.

Their sorrows, their dolours and their  
future furnish problems of much general  
interest.

The dreadful slaughter caused by the  
war has fallen with especial heaviness on  
the upper and the wealthy classes. They  
furnish the officers and these have lost  
more heavily in battle, in proportion to  
their numbers, than the men.

The loss has been particularly marked  
in high society in England, for the British  
officers are always men of means and  
members of the upper and wealthy classes.

More than two thousand British officers  
have been killed since the beginning of  
the war. This, of course, is a large num-  
ber of men to remove from one class of  
the community, and their absence is sorely  
felt.

A French review of the war has esti-  
mated the losses of German officers at the  
enormous number of 30,000. At the  
French claim that they have lost less  
than the Germans, it is hardly likely that  
they have lost less than 20,000 or two-  
thirds of the number they gave for their  
opponents.

It is probably accurate to say that every  
caval, noble and prominent family in the  
belligerent countries has lost some mem-  
ber. The King of England, the Czar of  
Russia and the Kaiser of Germany have  
lost sons. The son of a former President  
of France has been killed.

Every family in the  
British Peerage Bereaved.

It is stated that every family in the  
British peerage has been thrown into  
mourning. This is probably correct if  
widows by marriage are included in the  
list of these lost.

The Countess Annesley is one of the  
most prominent of the many high-born  
English women who have been widowed  
by the war. Her husband, Lord Annesley,  
died while serving as a simple lieutenant in the  
British Army Flying Corps, in spite of his  
high rank and wealth. He was one of the  
richest of Irish landlords and owned  
52,000 acres and two splendid old houses  
in that country, as well as much other  
property.

During a flying expedition over the Ger-  
man lines he was lost. It is not certain  
whether he fell into the sea or was  
brought down by a German bullet and  
buried without identification, but he has  
been given up for dead. Lady Annesley  
is an attractive young widow, who was  
only married a few years ago.

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce,  
otherwise Camille Clifford, is a war widow  
whose fate is particularly interesting to  
Americans. She was, of course, the hand-  
some and popular American actress, La  
mille Clifford, noted particularly for the  
sleazebag attractions of her stage.

She was different from "the rag and bone" type  
now commonly cultivated. Miss Clifford  
made a great hit in "The Prince of Ill-  
lure" and other pieces. She was com-  
monly referred to abroad as the perfect  
fiction of the Gibson girl.

Young Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, son and  
heir of the proud Lord Aberdare, fell  
bravely in love with the American beauty  
but Camille Clifford's charm, beauty and  
tact won the old lord's favor and affec-  
tion and she gained an excellent so-  
cial position.

When the war came and young Bruce  
went to the front as a captain in the  
Royal Scots Regiment. After very gallant  
conduct he was killed in the terrible  
fighting along the Yser River. Now poor  
Camille Clifford, after her successes and  
all her social triumphs, must face a harder  
struggle than ever.

Lady Juliet Duff, daughter of the late  
Earl of Lonsdale, has lost her husband, Sir  
Robin Duff, who was killed while fighting  
with the Life Guards, the premier regi-  
ment of the British Army. Lady Juliet  
who is very prominent and popular in  
English society, is really very handsome,  
but her very striking figure and strongly  
marked features lend themselves rather  
easily to caricature, as may be judged from  
a well known artist's sketch of her.

Mrs. William Lawrence Breece is an  
American war widow, whose husband also  
was an American, which can be said of  
very few of the American women widowed  
by the war. Her husband, who belonged  
to a prominent New York family, strongly  
sympathized with the allied cause and had  
many relatives in England. After the war  
broke out he obtained a commission in the  
Royal Horse Guards and was killed a few  
days after going to the front. Mrs. Breece  
was Miss Julia Kean Fish, daughter of  
Hamilton Fish, and niece of Stephen W.

The Honorable Mrs. Percy Wyndham is  
one of the most beautiful young English  
women widowed by the war. She is a  
daughter of Lord Ribblesdale. She was  
only married last year and has become a  
mother since her husband, who was very  
young, was killed with the Grenadier  
Guards. He was a half brother of the  
Duke of Westminster, who was his moth-  
er's son by her first marriage.

Lady Levinge, a charming young woman  
who lost her young husband, Sir Richard  
Levinge, who was a great Irish landowner  
and very prominent sportsman. He was  
killed while serving as a cavalry officer.  
Lady Levinge was formerly Irene Desmond  
of St. Galley, Thoreau, and was one of  
those rather numerous stage beauties who  
have quite won English society by their  
good nature and tact.

Madame Simone Le Bary, one of the  
most talented and popular actresses in  
France, has lost her husband, Casimir  
Perier, who was killed near Soissons, re-  
cently. She should more correctly be  
called Madame Simone, for she discarded  
the "Le Bary" when she obtained a di-  
vorce from M. Le Bary, who was an actor  
of equal prominence with herself. It was  
alleged that M. Le Bary could not en-  
dure the presence of a wife at least as  
talented and exquisitely dressed as him-  
self.

Young Casimir Perier was a son of  
former President Casimir Perier and a  
member of a very wealthy family. Al-  
tho' usually, which is more conservative in  
France than in England, was shocked at  
the marriage, but the two lived very happy  
together and Casimir Perier had won a  
distinguished public position before his  
death.

The Social Problem  
of the Excess of Widows.

The existence of such an abnormal num-  
ber of widows must necessarily create so-  
cial problems in society. These are con-  
siderably complicated by the fact that most  
of the widows are young. Army officers  
themselves are, as a rule, young, and it is  
especially on the young officers, the com-  
pany and section leaders, that the mor-  
tality in war falls most heavily. Hence the  
widows that are left must be, in the great  
majority of cases, young also.

There is already an considerable pecuniary  
distress among the war widows, and it will  
become more and more marked for some  
time to come. Women even of the upper  
classes in England are not very well sup-  
plied with incomes, for most of the money  
in the family must go to the man who has  
the duty of keeping up the family prop-  
erty. In many cases a woman widowed  
by the war will see the property she has  
enjoyed pass out of her hands, in some  
cases to a distant relative.

The pensions given to the widows of  
officers are, of course, very small and do  
not suffice to keep anyone in a good so-  
cial position.

It is to be noted that great distress  
is apparently in prospect for all the noble  
families of England, whether men or  
women. It is expected that those who  
enjoy fixed incomes derived from estates  
and other property will find them greatly  
reduced by the enormous taxation needed  
to pay for the war. Observers believe that  
these people will, in time, acquire a new  
revolution and that the places of the pre-  
vious leaders of society will be taken by  
society's rich families who have made for-  
tunes out of war contracts or who have  
been enterprising enough in some way to  
make money during the period of distress.  
The experience of the past suggests that  
these people will, in time, acquire a new  
and form an aristocracy as distinguished  
as the preceding.



An Artist's Sketch of Lady Juliet  
Duff, Daughter of the Earl of  
Lonsdale, Noted English Society  
Woman, Who Lost Her Husband,  
Lieutenant Sir Robin Duff.



Camille Clifford,  
the Former Ameri-  
can Stage Beauty,  
Who Has Lost Her  
Husband, the Son  
and Heir of Lord  
Aberdare.



Mrs. William  
Lawrence Breece  
Formerly Miss  
Julia Kean Fish,  
Well-Known in  
New York Society,  
Whose Husband  
Was Killed While  
Fighting with the  
British Army.



The Countess  
Annesley, Whose  
Husband, Lord  
Annesley, Lost His  
Life While Serving  
with the Flying  
Corps of the  
British Army



Mme. Simone LeBary, Noted  
Parisian Actress, Whose Young  
Husband, Casimir Perier, Son of  
a Former French President, Has  
Been Killed.

Lady Levinge, Formerly Irene Des-  
mond, the Actress, Whose Hus-  
band, Sir Richard Levinge, Lost  
His Life While Fighting for  
England.

But what will become of the poor young  
widows? Will every Englishman want to  
marry one of them? Can he be expected  
to remain in perpetual mourning for the  
husbands who have given their lives for  
their country? Will there be enough  
hands to go round when this dreadful war  
is over?

Of course we must remember that all  
widows are not necessarily of self-  
defense and in some cases, which have  
become proverbial.

## Strange New Diseases Caused by Battle

SURGEONS with the French army de-  
scribe a peculiar mental condition  
called "hysteria of battle," which  
they have noticed in soldiers who have  
been in action. The hysterical state lasts  
from two or three days to a week and  
even longer. Then consciousness sudden-  
ly returns.

The victim is incapable of walking un-  
less pushed or led by the hand, but when  
placed on his feet stands erect and motion-  
less, with the head bent forward and eyes  
half closed. He cannot be awakened, but  
is not in a state of coma. In some in-  
stances a condition of hallucinations de-  
velops, and the victim, when verbal inquiry is  
made of the patient as to his experiences  
in the battle.

The hysteresis is met with oftentimes in  
young men from cities. Fatigue and the  
lack of food incident to long marches or  
failure of the provisions train to reach the  
men, are the chief predisposing causes.  
Fear due to some very trying experience in  
battle or to being held under fire without  
orders to move usually precipitate the out-  
break of the disease.

A great number of new mental and nervous  
diseases have been produced by what  
is known as "shell shock," that is the ef-  
fect of the passage or bursting of a shell  
near a man without doing him visible  
physical injury. Among the results of shell  
shock noted have been reduction of vision  
loss of hearing, loss of smell, loss of taste,  
loss of memory and paralysis of various  
physical functions.







# Picture Frame Plumes

By Lady  
Duff-Gordon.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

By Lady Duff-Gordon  
"LUCILE"

HERE is an odd and interesting headdress. The big mass of the plume sits on top of the head somewhat, it has been suggested, like the top of a picture frame. And certainly the drooping tips make a charming frame for the lovely face within them. The other part of the headdress—it looks like a skeletonized Dutch cap—is rhinestones, or diamonds if you prefer and can afford them.

Down in the right hand corner you can see the dress that the headdress goes very well with. It is one of my very newest, and I am more than a little proud of it. It is all of black net and fine lace. The little light bodice is of black satin. The net falls from the hips in gauzy, "waterfall" effect, and under the net is the fairly tight, fitting underdress—also of black. The big, old-fashioned brooch and pendant carries out the old-fashion-

## The Extraordinary New Headdresses That Frame the Face, and the Charming New "Waterfall" Dresses

new, she is at the same time always loath to leave the old until some more courageous sister shows the way. Now, I believe that when an idea comes to us from the Great Source and that idea is, as it must be, laden with good, if we will only understand and accept it, that we ought not to dismiss it just because it is new or "hasn't been tried." We ought to study it ourselves, find its meaning and use it, even if it does take courage. If we don't we'll find sooner or later that the ideas don't come so readily or so often. And why should they if we don't appreciate them?

For instance—most people would not think of making anything out of anything except accepted dress fabrics. There are the conventions, the mechanics of the art, and they mustn't be disturbed. Nonsense! Sometimes I see a piece of cloth that is intended for upholstery—a covering of a chair or a sofa perhaps, and the idea comes to me: "What a marvellous thing to see on a dress!" Do I hesitate because that fabric was designed for a chair or a sofa? I do not. I use it as the idea dictated, and lo and behold, it makes some woman beautiful! Or I will see some window curtains, and if the idea suits me those curtains appear with perhaps the most wonderful of hand-woven fabrics upon some beauty, and the humble curtains are made glorious.

The philosophy of life, or one part of it, as I see it, is to take the good wherever you find it and if by chance it isn't in its proper place, or would be better in another place, put it there. When you do that you work in harmony with the Great Source, and it doesn't matter whether what you work with is cloth or humans—the principle is exactly the same.

And that is the reason I always advise women to stick to the fashion that they have found best suits them—unless, of course, they find another fashion which suits them better. One of the dresses I wear, the "Curate," I designed ten years ago. And it is still not a bit "old-fashioned." It suits me, and I have it made up in a number of colors and fabrics.

It suits me, and I stick to it, and will until I find something better—no matter what "fashion" of the moment may be. What we all must do is look for the best—in dress as in everything else. And when we find it we must take it to ourselves, no matter what it is or what the setting in which we find it.



The photograph above shows the new "Picture Frame" Plumes, with their imposing "top" effect and charming face-encircling feathers.

The photograph in the lower right hand corner shows the dress that goes with the plume. It is of black net and fine lace. The little light bodice is of black satin, with diamond shoulder straps. The net falls from the hips in the effect called "waterfall."

The dress at the left corner is another "waterfall" of black tulle and black jet embroidery. All "Lucile" models and creations.



ioned note and also the diamonded part of the headdress.

The effect is quite lovely, I think. And that phrase, "picture frame plumes," leads me to a little diversion upon framing as applied to the face in general.

I don't see why the framing idea isn't an excellent one to be developed. We frame a picture to bring out its full effect—an effect impossible without the relief of the frame, although there are pictures that look better without frames, and so, quite naturally, it follows that there are faces that would be better without framing. But what I mean is this: Suppose one has really the loveliest eyes. Why not call attention to them? Of course the "beauty patch" was designed for just that. But it has been used so much that no one notices it any more. It has outlived its usefulness. But a feather, for instance, falling down from the forehead and constantly attracting one of the eyes—how it calls attention at once! There are artful ways of "framing" eyes, a beautiful ear, a lovely mouth—yes, even an exquisite nose that will leave nothing of the grotesque about it and will only be most charming.

I am more than half in earnest about it—yes, fully three-quarters. It is only the novelty of the idea that may sound a little absurd. But here is the face—and here is the frame—and see how very nice it all is!

Down in the left hand corner is another of the new dresses. It has the "waterfall" effect, too, but not to the extent of the other. It is all of black tulle and silk and jet embroidery. Both dresses have the cunning little disguised hoops that I invented especially for this season. The bodice is caught up with little diamond shoulder straps.

Here I hark back again to "picture frames" for our faces. I have said that it is only the novelty of the idea that causes one to hesitate and be a trifle—perhaps—shocked. It is a curious thing that fashion, which is ever changing, should be at one and the same time the most radical and the most conservative of human phenomena. I mean that although woman is ever seeking something







# COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN

April 25, 1915

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## The Original Katzenjammer Kids

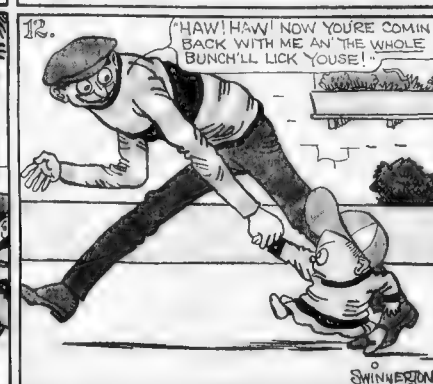
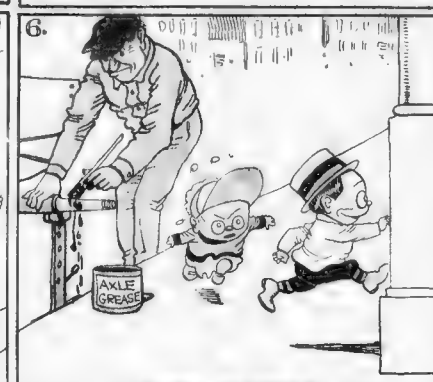
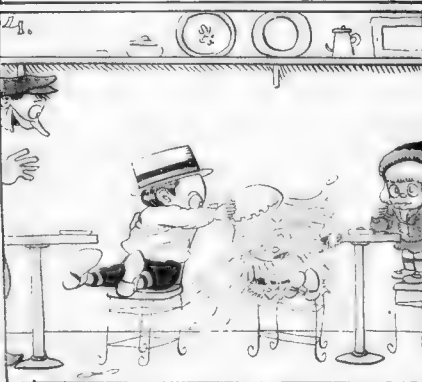
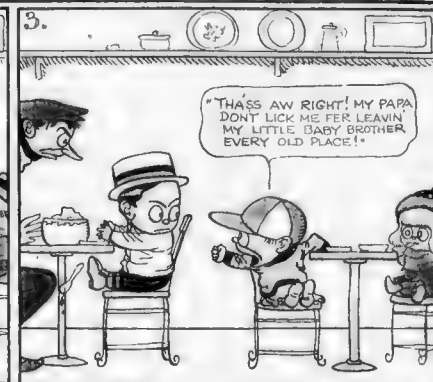
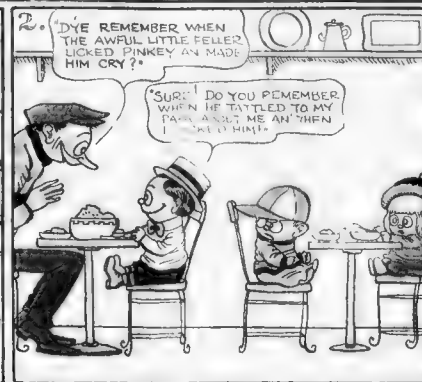




# JIMMY

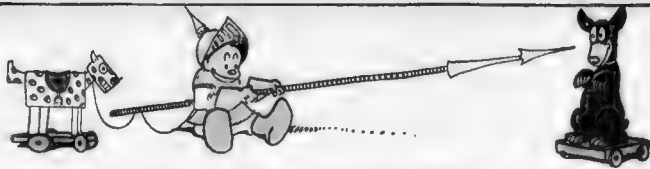
Pinkey Tries to Get Revenge, and All He Gets Is Trouble.

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SWINERSON

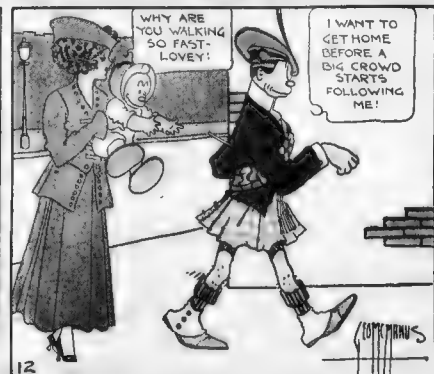
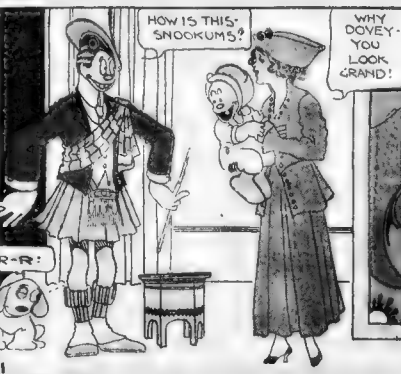
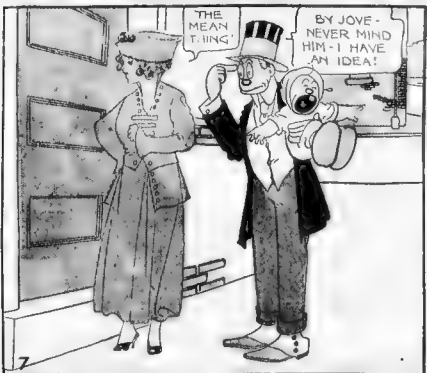




# THEIR ONLY CHILD!

Something About the Highland Costume Appeals to Him.

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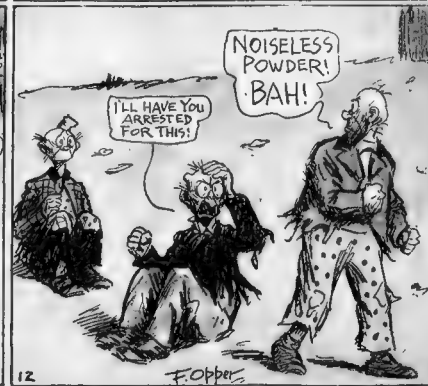
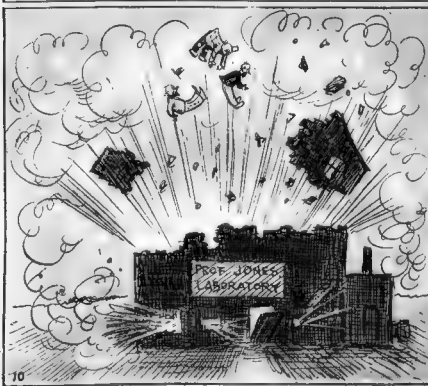
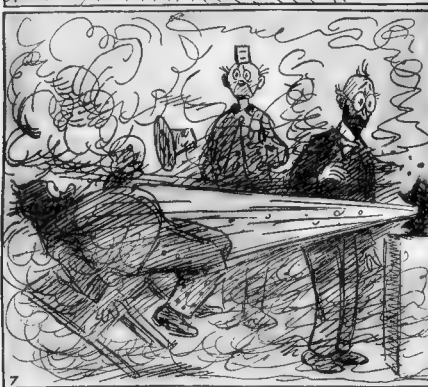




# HAPPY HOOLIGAN

He Hasn't Found a Best Man Yet, But He Saw a Wonderful New Kind of Powder.

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# The World's Great Wonder==Have You Seen It?

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YOU own this country, as one of its citizens. How much have you seen of that which you own? We tell you to-day of one thing, one national possession, that you must see before you die.

It is the world's greatest wonder, a work of power, more awful than the biggest ocean—the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Man is small; his mind is small; it is hard to see or feel the biggest things.

In this picture the Canyon is presented as a great giant, with feeble man looking up helpless and wondering.

All that men have tried to imagine and describe—vastness, power, horror, from Homer to Dante, and from Dante to our own day—you actually SEE in the great gulf of rock dug by Nature's forces.

\*\*\*

When you come back from this great Canyon you will find it difficult to tell your friends what you have seen.

You will realize the folly of trying to describe that which is indescribable, and will search for some homely comparison to give a faint idea of what you have seen.

Do you live in the suburbs, twelve or thirteen miles from your place of business?

Suppose you woke up some morning and found a ditch reaching to your office thirteen miles away.

Suppose that ditch WERE A MILE DEEP.

Suppose it were more than four hundred miles long—That would be the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Think of a great hole in the ground hundreds of miles long; think of standing on the edge and looking down one mile.

\*\*\*

You see with great difficulty tiny black specks. They are human beings on mules. You see a faint ribbon, almost completely hidden by rocks.

The faint ribbon is a gigantic river, rushing with fearful speed. That river, carrying its full supply of water, sends through its rocky walls, per second, more than the amount of water that the Great Lakes and wonderful Niagara send to the St. Lawrence River.

To say that this marvel of Nature, the Canyon of giants, is a mile deep and more than ten miles wide is to give the faintest possible idea of it. For you cannot with words give any conception of the wonderful color, changing with the sun's light and the shadows. You cannot express what it is to see the earth cut open, a great wound, reaching down a mile through half a dozen strata of rock, showing to your wondering eyes the different layers of the earth's formation, each representing tens of millions of years of development.

\*\*\*

Those who know the Canyon cannot make you begin to see it until you have spent days and weeks staring to see bigness.

They say to you: "Do you see that little ledge of rock across the Canyon? If Niagara Falls were over there, it would be one-quarter as high as that rock."

Or they say, "You have read about the great Mt. Washington; perhaps you have spent hours climbing to the top of it in the White Mountains. Well, Mt. Washington isn't as big as that rock you see reaching part way up the Canyon wall."

Some men describe this Canyon as a mountain turned inside out. But there is no mountain like it, and no mountain climbing like it.

Here you can go straight down for one mile, zig-zagging on the side of a precipice that seems absolutely impossible of ascent.

\*\*\*

All through the day the light of the sun, the shadows of the clouds on the cliffs paint this earthly wonder in all conceivable colors and shades.

It is a marvel of beauty and grandeur by day, a mournful, mysterious abyss at night.

When the sun goes, and the heated air rises from the depths below, a great wind roars through the Canyon hour after hour.

No wonder the Indians dreaded the spirits living in the Canyon; no wonder some of those pioneers first to travel through its depths came forth so woe-begone.

In this great work of cosmic power you have that man cannot conquer or spoil. His



This Giant Is the Grand Canyon of Arizona--  
Greatest of All the Wonderful Things on This Planet. You Must See It or Die Without Realizing Nature's Power, the Infinite Grandeur With Which Cosmic Force Has Built This Earth of Ours

tiny works, the greatest of them, would be unnoticed in the face of that wall of stone. His pyramids would be pebbles on the Canyon floor. His brightest colors would not be seen in the wonderful painting of those walls.

Man can neither appreciate nor ever spoil the work that has been done there.

The resting places at the bottom of the Canyon are not seen from the top, and from the bottom of the Canyon nothing is seen to show that the earth was ever civilized.

\*\*\*

You MUST see that great wonder of your country, that great possession of the American people, that greatest of all its wonders, and THIS is the year to see it.

We are what our imagination makes us. The effect of a visit to the Grand Canyon is an incentive to thought, a stimulation of the mind that nothing else could give.

This is the year to see the Grand Canyon, and your country, from ocean to ocean, for this is the year of the great Exposition in San Francisco, the year that celebrates the triumph of the United States in building the Panama Canal, the year that should make the American a traveller at home, a student of the land that is his own.

We write of this Canyon, this great marvel, as we shall write of other features of the nation, that you may be persuaded to do your travelling now.

You may travel this year more cheaply across the continent than you could ever do before, more cheaply than you will be able to do for many years to come, undoubtedly.

And your reward for travelling will be greater than ever.

\*\*\*

Going West by one road, and returning by another, you will see thousands of miles of this wonderful country—its deserts, which man's power is changing into gardens; its mountainous backbone of rock, snow-covered; the wonderful valleys that never know cold; the plains that could feed a thousand million human beings; the cities, lakes and rivers. You should not know them merely in the geography of your childhood.

Make the effort, however great it may be. Determine that you will see the Panama Pacific Exposition, infinitely the most wonderful that the world has ever produced; that you will see at the same time YOUR OWN COUNTRY, and the marvels that make it the greatest upon the earth.

\*\*\*

If you have children you will take them, of course, and began now to interest them in the things that they will see.

When they stand at the edge of that wonderful Canyon with you they will see merely the depths and the danger with childish delight. You will see, manifest, the power of which man is the feeble representative on earth.

When you go with them, as you may safely do now, to the bottom of the dreadful gorge, you will study with profound interest the anatomy of this earth, revealed in the walls of the Canyon. Your children will watch the little groups of wild donkeys grazing on the rocky ledges, and with wonder hear you tell how those wild, free creatures are the descendants of animals let loose by hunters for gold who years ago left their bones to bleach on the rocks.

\*\*\*

Thousands of marvels stand between you and that greatest artistic achievement of man, the Panama Pacific Exposition.

The giant trees of your childish wonder, marvellous parks that belong to your Government, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Glacier National Park, this great Canyon—all invite you.

You will see this country and the Pacific Ocean, the wonderful nations that make up the United States, and as the crown of all you will see the marvellous Exposition, built by the people of California; you will see San Francisco, the city of wonders that has risen from fire to surpassing strength and beauty.

See your country this year.

Go and appreciate the property that you and your fellow citizens own—the United States, the land of wonders, of beauty, of power and of the future.

\*\*\*

[This editorial is published in all of the Hearst newspapers. Editors of other newspapers who think their readers might be interested in the great Panama Exposition held in San Francisco, or who think it desirable to encourage American citizens to travel to the great Exposition and see the nation, may reproduce this editorial, or any part of it.]

# THE Exploits of Elaine

## A DETECTIVE NOVEL AND A Motion Picture Drama

Presented by the Hearst Sunday Newspapers in  
Collaboration with the Famous Pathe Players

Written by Arthur B. Reeve

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator

of the "CRAIG KENNEDY" Stories

In Collaboration with Charles W. Goddard

Author of "The Perils of Pauline"

Intro-  
ducing

**Miss Pearl White,  
Mr. Arnold Daly,  
Mr. Edwin Arden  
and "Craig Kennedy"**

The Famous Scientific Detective of Fiction

### CAST OF LEADING CHARACTERS:

ELAINE DODGE ..... Miss Pearl White  
CRAIG KENNEDY ..... Mr. Arnold Daly  
WU FANG ..... Mr. Edwin Arden

Everything you read here today you can see in  
fascinating Pathe Motion Pictures this week.

#### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

THE New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent to the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplished is told by his friend Jamison, a newspaper man.

After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer and the man who is engaged to marry. Bennett flees to the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinaman forces from Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of \$7,000,000. Then he gives the lawyer a potion which will expand animation for months. Kennedy rescues Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness.

**The Vengeance of Wu Fang.**  
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ELAINE was still in the power of Wu Fang. Kennedy had thwarted the Chinese master criminal in his design for the millions amassed by the Clutching Hand. But any joy that he might have derived from this success was completely obscured by the fear that Wu might wreak some diabolical vengeance on Elaine.

It was a ticklish situation. In fact, I doubt whether Craig would have discovered the treasure at all, if our pursuit of Wu and the night before had not literally forced us into doing so.

Nor were Kennedy's fears unfounded. Wu and Long Sin had scarcely reached the secret apartment back of the deceptive exterior of the Chinatown tenement when the subtle Chinaman began to contemplate revenge.

Long Sin was smoking a Chinese pipe, resting after their hurried flight, while Wu, the brooding, was seated at a table at the other end of the room. At last Wu Fang took up a long Chinese dirk from the table before him, looked at it, turned it over, felt its edge. It was keen and the point was sharp. He rose and deliberately walked across to a door leading into a back room.

On a couch lay Elaine, and with her, as a guardian, was Weepy Mary, whom the Clutching Hand had used to lure her to the church where the fatal record of her father's marriage was supposed to be. Indeed, though Wu had lost the Clutching Hand's millions, he had seen his chance and had fallen heir to what was left of Bennett's criminal creation.

As Wu, the serpent, crept and advanced slowly toward Elaine, she crouched back from him in deadly fear. He stopped before her without a word and his menacing eye seemed to read her very thoughts.

Slowly he drew from under his robe the Chinese dirk. He felt the edge of it again and gazed significantly at Elaine. She shrank back even further, as far as the divan would permit. It was a critical moment.

Just then Long Sin entered. "One of the five millions waits outside," he reported simply, with a bow.

We understood. It had been a pleasant notion of his that although he did not, of course, absolutely control such a stupendous organization, he could, by his subtle power, force almost unlimited allegiance from the simple coolies in that district of China from which he came.

Out in the front room, just a moment before, a knock at the door had disturbed Long Sin, and a Chinese servant had announced a visitor. Long Sin had opened the door to see who

him in, and a poorly clad coolie had entered. He bowed as Long Sin eyed him. "Where's the master?" he had asked.

Long Sin had not deigned to speak. With a mere wave of his hand he indicated that he would be the bearer of the message, and had followed Wu through the door of the back room.

So, almost by chance, Wu had interrupted the brutal vengeance which had first come to his mind. He sheathed the knife and, still without a word, went back into the main room.

sling a nod to Weepy Mary to guard Elaine. He eyed the coolie until the newcomer could almost feel the master's penetrating gaze, although his head was bowed in awe. Quickly the coolie thrust his hand under his blouse and drew forth a package. With another bow he advanced.

For your enemies, oh, master," he said, handing the package over to Wu.

For the first time since the loss of the treasure Wu Fang seemed to take an interest in something besides revenge. The coolie started to open the package, removed the paper wrapper, and then a silk wrapping inside. Finally he came to a box, from which he drew a leather pouch, each operation conducted with greater care as it became evident that the contents were especially precious in some way. Then he took from the pouch a small vial,



"Look!" Said Kennedy, Turning to the Microscope.

This is from the Moving Picture Film of "The Exploits of Elaine" by the Famous Pathe Players.

"What is it?" demanded Wu Fang, as the coolie displayed it.  
The coolie drew forth now a magnifying glass and a glass slide. Opening the vial with great care he shook something out on the slide, then placed it under the lens.

"Look!" he said simply.  
Under the lens what had formerly seemed to be merely a black speck of dirt became now one of the most weird and uncanny little creatures to be found in all the realm of nature. It seemed to be all legs

and feelers moving at once. A normal person would have looked at the creature only with the greatest repugnance. Whereupon it with a sort of unholy fascination.

"And it is?" he queried.  
"What the white man calls the African tick which carries the recurrent fever," answered the coolie deferentially.

A flash of intense excitement seemed to darken Wu Fang's sinister face. Several times he peered up and down the room, as he contemplated the sight which he had just seen. Then he came to a sudden determination.

"What the white man calls the African tick which carries the recurrent fever," answered the coolie deferentially.

Long Sin had remained there. With Weepy Mary he was guarding Elaine. When Wu Fang reappeared, Elaine was thoroughly aroused by this time. Even the fact that Wu no longer held the murderous dirk did not serve to reassure her, for the look on his face was even more terrible than before.

He smiled cunningly to himself.  
"Suffering is a state of mind," he said in a low tone, "and I have decided that it would be poor revenge for me to harm you. You are free!"

Nothing could have come as a greater surprise to Elaine. Even Long Sin had not expected any such speech as this. Elaine, however, was wonder-stricken.

"Do you—do you really mean it?" she asked, scarcely able to believe what her ears heard.

Wu merely nodded, and with a wave of his hand to Long Sin indicated that Elaine was to be released.

Long Sin, the slave, did not stop to question his master, but merely moved over to a closet and took out the hat and wraps which Elaine had worn when she had been kidnapped in the uptown apartment. He handed them over to her, and she put them on with trembling hands.

No one stopped her, and she hurried herself to take several steps toward the door. She had scarcely crossed half the room.

"Wait!" ordered Wu sharply.  
Was he merely torturing her, as a cat might torture a mouse? She stopped obediently, afraid to look at him.

"This will be the vengeance of Wu Fang," he went on impressively. "Glibly, one by one, your friends will weaken and die, then your family, until finally only you are left. Then will come your turn."

She stopped again and raised his long, lean forehead. "Go," he said. "I wish you much joy!"

He turned to Long Sin and whispered a word to him. A moment later Long Sin drew forth a large silken handkerchief and tied it tightly over Elaine's eyes. Then he took her hand and led her out. There was to be no chance by which she could lead a ratline party back to the den in which she had been held.

I don't think that in all our friendship I have ever seen Kennedy so utterly depressed as he was when we returned after the discovery of the vast fortune which Bennett had cleverly secreted. I came upon him in the laboratory the next morning while he was trying to read. He had laid aside his scientific work, and now he had even laid aside his book.

There seemed to be absolutely nothing to do until some new clues turned up. I placed my hand on his shoulder, but the words which I encouraged him to speak on my lips. Several times I started to die, but each time I checked myself. There did not seem to be anything that would be appropriate for such an occasion.

A sharp ring at the telephone made me start. I picked up the receiver and found it was a call from the police. I looked at my watch. It was ten o'clock. I had not been to bed yet.

(Continued on Next Page)

## New England Playhouses Where "THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE" MAY BE SEEN IN THE PATHE MOTION PICTURES

### MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY

#### DAY

##### Opportunity Theatre, Boston

##### Globe Theatre, Boston

##### St. James Theatre, Boston

##### Harvard Theatre, Boston

##### New Park Theatre, Boston

##### Academy Theatre, Providence, R. I.

##### Academy of Music, Fall River

##### Portland Theatre, Portland, Me.

##### Empire Theatre, Hartford, Ct.

##### THE BROADWAY, BOSTON

##### Marshall's Theatre, Boston

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# Meet Him Now See It in Pathe Motion Pictures

(Continued from preceding page.)

us fairly jump, so nervous had we become. Kennedy reached over instinctively for the statue in the vague hope that at last there was some news.

As I watched his face it changed first from despair to wonder, and finally it seemed to light up with the most remarkable look of relief and happiness that one could imagine.

"I shall be right over," he cried, jamming the receiver down on the hook, and in the same motion reaching for his hat and coat. "Walter," he cried, "it is Elaine! They have let her go!"

I seized my own hat and coat in time to follow him, and we dashed out of the laboratory. The suspense under which Aunt Josephine had been living had told on her. Her niece, Elaine's cousin, Mary Brown, who lived at Rockledge, had come into the city to comfort Aunt Josephine, and they had been sitting that morning in the library. Marie, the maid, was busy about the room, while Aunt Josephine talked sadly over Elaine's strange disappearance.

She was on the verge of tears.

Still, my startled cry from Jennings out in the hall caused both ladies to jump to their feet. They could scarcely believe what they heard as the faithful old butler cried out the name.

"Why, Miss Elaine!" he gasped.

As he turned later Elaine burst into the room and drew herself into Aunt Josephine's arms. All talking and half crying from joy at once, they crowded about her, breathlessly she answered the questions that few thick and fast.

In the excitement Aunt Josephine had seized the telephone and called our number. She did not even wait to break the good news, but handed the telephone to Elaine herself.

We left the laboratory on the run, too fast to notice that just around the building line at the corner stood a limousine with shades drawn. Even if we had paused to glance back we could not have seen Wu Fang and Long Sin inside gazing out through the corner of the curtains. They were in European dress now, and had evidently come prepared for just what they knew was likely to happen.

In all the strange series of events I doubt whether we had ever made better time than the laboratory over to the Dodge house than we did now. We were admitted by the faithful Jennings and almost ran into the library.

"Oh, Craig!" cried Elaine, as he entered, almost speechless, seized her by both hands.

For a few seconds none of us could speak. Then followed a veritable flood of eager conversation.

I watched Elaine carefully. In fact, we all did, for she seemed, in spite of the excitement of her return, to be almost a complete nervous wreck from the terrible experiences she had undergone.

"Won't you come and stay with me a few days up in the country, dear?" cried Mary at last.

Elaine thought a moment, then turned to Aunt Josephine.

"Yes," considered her aunt. I think it would be good."

Still she hesitated, then ely looked at Kennedy and laughed. "You, too, Craig, must be fagged out," she said, frankly. "Come up there with us and take a good rest."

Kennedy smiled. "I shall be delighted," he accepted promptly.

"You, too, Mr. Jameson," she added, turning to me.

I hesitated a moment and Kennedy tried to catch my eye. I was just about to speak when he brought his heel down sharply on my foot. I saw him again and caught just the trace of a nod of his head. I saw that it was *drop*!

"No, thank you," I replied. "I'm afraid I'd better not go. Really, I have too much work as it is. I can't get away—but it's very kind of you to think of asking me."

We chatted, then left a few moments later so that Kennedy could pack.

—

Around the corner from the laboratory, as we dashed out, had been, as I have said, Wu Fang and Long Sin looking out from the limousine. No sooner had we disappeared across the campus than their driver started up the car and they sped around to our apartment.

"Cautiously they alighted and walked down the street. Then, making sure they were not observed, they entered and mounted the stairs to our doorway.

Long Sin was stationed down the hall on guard, while Wu Fang drew from his pocket a black key, a file and a candle. He lighted the candle and held the key in his flame until it was covered with soot.

Then he inserted the key in the keyhole, turned it and took the key out. Working quickly now, he examined the key sharply. In the room were Elaine's scratches, indicating where she had struck and prevented the turning of the lock. He filed the key, trying it again and again. Finally he finished and opened the door. Peeking Long Sin, he entered our room.

As they stood there Wu Fang gazed about our living room keenly. He was evidently considering where to place something, for, one after another, he picked up several articles on the desk and examined them. Each time that he laid one down he shook his head.

Finally his eye rested on the telephone. It seemed to suggest an idea to him, and he crossed over to it. Carefully bending down the receiver on the hook, he unscrewed the case which holds the dial, and with his finger he held the rest of the instrument intact. Then he removed from his pocket the piece which the cooie had given him and placed its contents in the dial.

Quickly now he replaced the receiver and, having finished their work, Long Sin and Wu Fang, still crouching out.

At last, as time, as we approached our apartment, the visit to Elaine, we were too exhausted to notice the limousine in which were

Wu and Long Sin. But no sooner had we entered than Long Sin left the car with a final word of instruction from his master.

"Come in, the apartment," Kennedy began hurriedly to pack, and I helped him as well as I could. We were in the midst of it when the telephone rang and I answered it.

"Hello!" I called.

There was no response.

"Hello, hello!" I repeated, raising my voice.

Still there was no answer. I worked the hook up and down, but could get no reply. Finally, disgusted, I hung up.

A moment later, I recall now, it seemed to me as though some one had stuck a pin into the lobe of my ear. Still I thought nothing of it in the excitement of Kennedy's departure and went to work again to help him pack.

We had scarcely got back to work when the telephone bell jangled again, and a second time I answered it.

"Is Mr. Kennedy there?" came back a female voice.

I handed the instrument to Craig.

"Hello!" he called. "Who is this?"

No response.

"Hello, hello!" he shouted, working the hook as I had done, and in my case, there was still no answer.

"Some crank," he exclaimed, jamming down the receiver in disgust and returning to his packing.

Neither of us thought anything of it at the time, but now I recall that I did see Kennedy once or twice press the lobe of his ear as though something had hurt it.

We did not know until later that in a pay station down the street our arch enemy, Long Sin, had been calling us up and then, with a wicked aim, refusing to speak to us.

—

It was about a week later that I came home late one night from the office, feeling pretty done up. Whatever it was, a violent fever seemed to have come on me suddenly. I thought nothing of it at first, because I soon grew better. But while it lasted I had the most intense aching, excruciating pains in my limbs, and delicious headache. I recall, too, that I felt a peculiar soreness on the ear it was all like nothing I had ever had before.

Indeed, the next morning when I woke up I felt a lassitude that made it quite hard enough even to lounge about in my bathrobe.

Feeling no better, I decided to see a doctor. I put on my clothes with a decided effort and went out.

The nearest doctor was about half a block away and we scarcely knew him, for neither Kennedy nor I am exactly sickly.

"Well," asked the doctor, as he closed the door of his office and turned to me, "what seems to be the matter?"

I tried to smile. "I feel as though I had been celebrating not wisely, but too well," I replied, trying to cheer up, "but as a matter of fact, I have been feeling the simple life."

He sounded me and pounded me, looked at my tongue and my eyes, listened to my heart and lungs, though I don't think he treated my symptoms very seriously. In fact, I might have known what he would do. He talked a little while on generalities, diet and exercise, then walked over to a cabinet, and emptied out a few pills into a little paper box.

"Take one every hour," he said, handing them to me, and carefully returning the bottle to the cabinet so that I could not see what was on the label. "Get out your cigarettes to three a day, and don't drink coffee. Four dollars, please."

I suppose I ought to have been cured, and in fact, he did cure me. But the next day I paid him and went back to the apartment, my head soon in a whirl from a new onset of the fever.

I managed to get back into my bathrobe, and threw myself down on the divan, propped up with pillows. I had taken the pills, but they had no more effect than sugar of milk. By this time I was much more delirious and was crying out.

I saw faces about me, but I did not see the faces which were actually out of my hall door. Wu Fang and Long Sin had waited patiently for their revenge. Now that they thought sufficient time had elapsed, they had stolen stealthily to the apartment door. While Long Sin watched, Wu listened.

"The white devil has it!" whispered Wu Fang, as he relined his fellow conspirator.

How long I would have remained in this state, and in fact how long I did remain, I don't know. Vaguely, I recall that our acquaintance, Johnson, who had the apartment across the hall, at last heard my cries and came out to see what was the matter.

Then he inserted the key in the keyhole, turned it and took the key out. Working quickly now, he examined the key sharply. In the room were Elaine's scratches, indicating where she had struck and prevented the turning of the lock. He filed the key, trying it again and again. Finally he finished and opened the door. Peeking Long Sin, he entered our room.

As they stood there Wu Fang gazed about our living room keenly. He was evidently considering where to place something, for, one after another, he picked up several articles on the desk and examined them. Each time that he laid one down he shook his head.

Finally his eye rested on the telephone. It seemed to suggest an idea to him, and he crossed over to it. Carefully bending down the receiver on the hook, he unscrewed the case which holds the dial, and with his finger he held the rest of the instrument intact. Then he removed from his pocket the piece which the cooie had given him and placed its contents in the dial.

Quickly now he replaced the receiver and, having finished their work, Long Sin and Wu Fang, still crouching out.

"Why, Craig?" cried Elaine, startled, "what's the matter?"

The sound of her voice seemed to arouse him. He braced up. "Oh, nothing, I assure," he said with a forced smile. "I'm all right."

It was no use, however. They had to cut short the ride, and Kennedy returned to the house, still to drop down in an easy chair on the porch, while Elaine hovered about him solicitously. His head buzzed, his skin was hot and dry, his eyes had an unnatural look. Every now and then he would place his hand to his ear as though he felt some pain.

They had already summoned the country doctor, but it took him some time to get out to the house. Suddenly a messenger boy rode up on his bicycle and mounted the porch steps.

"Telegram for Mr. Kennedy," he announced, looking about and picking out Craig naturally as the person who wanted.

Kennedy nodded and took the yellow envelope while Elaine signed for it. Listlessly he tore it open. It read:

Craig Kennedy,  
Care, Wellington Brown,  
Rockledge, N. Y.  
Jameson very ill. Wants you. Better come. Johnson.

The message seemed to rouse Kennedy in spite of his fever. His face, above keen alarm, which he endeavored to conceal from Elaine. But her quick eye had caught the look.

"I must see Walter," he exclaimed, rising rather weakly and going into the house.

How he ever did it is still, I think, a mystery to him, but he managed to pack up and, in the spite of the alternating fever and chills, make the journey back to the city.

When at last Craig arrived at our apartment, but it took him some time to find me. I must have seemed to him that he found me almost at death's door. I was terribly ill and weak by that time, but had refused to see the doctor again, and Johnson had managed to get me into bed.

At last, Kennedy threw himself down for a moment, exhausted. "When did this thing come on, Walter?" he asked of Johnson.

"Yesterday, I think, as nearly as I can find out," replied our friend.

Craig was decidedly worried. "There's only one person in New York to call on," he murmured, pulling himself out of bed and getting into the bathroom as best he could.

"Is that you, Godowski?" he asked over the telephone. "Well, doctor, this is Kennedy. Come over to my apartment, quick. I've a case—two cases, for you."

Godowski was a world-famous scientist in his line and had specialized in bacteriology, mainly in tropical diseases.

As Kennedy hung up the receiver, he made his way back again to the bedroom, scratching his ear. He noticed that I was doing the same in my delirious state of mind.

"Has Walter been scratching his ear?" he asked of Johnson.

Johnson nodded. "That's strange," considered Craig thoughtfully. "I've been doing the same."

He turned back into the living-room, and for a moment looked about. Finally his eye happened to fall on the telephone and an idea seemed to occur to him.

He went over to the instrument and unscrewed the receiver. Carefully he looked inside. Then he looked closer. There was something peculiar about it and he picked up a blank sheet of white paper, dusting off the diaphragm on it. There, on the paper, were innumerable little black specks.

Just then, outside, Dr. Godowski's car drew up and he jumped out, swinging his black bag. Not being acquainted with what we were doing, Godowski did not notice the alarmed-eyed Chinaman who was watching down the street.

"How do you do, doctor," greeted Craig faintly, at the door.

"What seems to be the difficulty?" inquired the doctor eagerly.

"I don't know," returned Craig, "but I have my suspicions. I'm too ill to verify them myself, so I've called on you. Look at Jameson first," he added.

While Godowski was examining me, Craig managed to get out his microscope and was looking through it at the strange black specks on the paper. There, under the lens, he could see the most remarkable, almost microscopic creature, all legs and feelers, a most vicious object.

Weak though he was, he could not help an exclamation of exultation at his discovery, just as Godowski had finished with me.

"Look!" he cried, calling the doctor. "I know what the trouble is, Godowski!"

He had started to tell, but the excitement of the journey and the exertion were so great that he could hardly murmur.

"Here—look—on this paper," he cried. "From the telephone!"

He had risen and was handing the paper to the scientist when his weakness overcame him. He fell flat on his face on the floor and dropped the paper, spilling the contents of his suitcase.

Godowski, now thoroughly alarmed, bent over Craig. But the delirium had overcome Kennedy, too.

Up to this time, making any sense out of Craig's broken utterances, Godowski lost no time in taking samples of our blood.

Then he hurried away to his laboratory in his car. He did not know, however, that Long Sin leaped into a taxi cab which was waiting, and followed.

In Godowski's laboratory, where he was studying tropical diseases, the bacteriologist set to work at once to confirm his own growing suspicions.

From a monkey which he had there for experimental purposes, he drew off some blood samples. Then, with the aid of his assistant, he took the blood samples he had obtained from us. The monkey's blood, under the



"Do You—Do You Really Mean It?" Elaine Asked.

This is from the Moving Picture Film of "The Exploits of Elaine" by the Famous Pathe Players.

microscope, seemed full of rather elongated, wriggling germs, of a peculiar species. In and out they made their way among the blood corpuscles, each like a dart aimed at life itself. Then he took the sample of our blood. In them were the same germs—carried by that gruesome tick!

"The epidemic!" he muttered. "They are infected with Africa's recurrent fever. The only remedy is surgery, administered intravenously, after the manner of Professor Ehrlich's famous '606.'"

Just then a cab drove up outside.

"Perhaps that is she!" he exclaimed. "It must be."

A few moments later the door of the apartment opened. His face showed his disappointment. It was a stranger.

"Miss Septia is ill," she introduced, "and sent me to take her place."

The doctor looked about. "Very well, then," he said briskly, seeing his preparations. "Are you ready to go ahead?"

She nodded and drew off the coat that covered her immaculate white uniform.

The specialist plunged wholeheartedly into his work of saving us now. "Hand me that needle, please," he directed the false nurse.

She moved over to the table nearby and took it up, pausing only long enough to dip it secretly into a vial she carried with her.

"Please hurry," repeated the doctor.

She turned from the table and handed it to him. He adjusted it and already had it poised for the thrust which was not to cure but to poison us further.

"Weep! Mary!" cried a frightened voice at our door.

Elaine had been deeply alarmed by the sudden illness of Kennedy and the message from Jameson. No sooner had Kennedy gone than it flashed over her that Wu Fang had predicted something like this.

"The threat!" she exclaimed, seeking her cousin. "Mary, I must go to the city—right away!"

"Here," he directed when she was ready, handing her a little vial. "You must inject every instrument the doctor uses on Kennedy and Jameson."

She nodded, and a moment later was on her way uptown.

Meanwhile Godowski himself had arrived at our apartment, much to the relief of our friend Johnson, and was unpacking his instruments. Quickly he improvised two operating tables, and placed one of us on each. Then with his assistant, he put on his white robe, mask, gloves and other precautions for aseptic, and injected the apparatus for the intravenous administration of the drug that would kill the spirochetes.

Godowski was busy with the stoic, mixing it in a normal salt solution. He would drop in a few drops of an acid, then a few drops of an alkaline solution, so as to keep the mixture neutral. Finally, he poured the solution into a container, to the bottom of which was attached a long tube. This container he raised high over our heads, clamping the tube.

Then he fastened a tiny needle to the end of the tube, so that it could be inserted in our arms, catching skilfully a vein—a very difficult piece of work in which he excelled. The liquid would then flow by the force of gravity from the container down through the tube, through the hollow needle and into the vein, where it would act on the germs of the fever.

They had finished their preparations and were waiting for Miss Septia. "She ought to be here now," muttered Godowski impatiently, looking at his watch.

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(Continued on next page.)

# Here Is the **THIRD** Reason WHY THE BOSTON AMERICAN LEADS IN CIRCULATION Because It Prints the News **FIRST**

Not only is the Boston American supreme in news-gathering in city, State, nation and, through its various sources of supply, throughout the world, but its superior mechanical facilities enable the paper to distance all rivals in the speed with which papers are printed and distributed.

The circulation department of the Boston American operates its own delivery system, with a complete organization that includes automobiles, motor trucks, many horses and wagons and, in the distribution of the immense Sunday issue, the use of special railway trains.

As examples of the supremacy of the BOSTON AMERICAN in giving the news in advance of its rivals may be instanced the **FIRST NEWS** of the Sinking of the Titanic; also the **FIRST NEWS** of the following important events: the San Francisco Earthquake; Resignation of President Huerta of Mexico; Declaration of War by Austria against Serbia; Declaration of War by Germany on Russia; England's Ultimatum to Germany; Fall of Namur; Fall of Przemyśl; Election of Pope Benedict XV.; England's Declaration of Blockade Against Germany; Removal of the French Government to Bordeaux; Turning of the Von Kluck Army Away From Paris; Zeppelin Raid on Paris; Sinking of British Battleships Bulwark and Hawke; Death of Mrs. Wilson; Death of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, and a number of important local events.

## Six Reasons Why the BOSTON AMERICAN Leads in Circulation

- 1—Scrupulous cleanliness—the BOSTON AMERICAN is strictly a **HOME** paper.
- 2—Best war correspondents—leads in war news and photographs.
- 3—Most enterprising news service from all over the globe.

- 4—Most brilliant and able staff of contributors and the greatest writers.
- 5—First in illustrations, first in cartoons and first in good humor.
- 6—Unswerving devotion to the interests of the people.

*The Boston American Is the Home Newspaper of  
New England, Scrupulously Clean*









ANTIS IN STYLE  
FETE ON TUESDAY

Notable List of Patronesses for  
Event to Be Held at  
Salem.

Following are the patronesses for the anti-suffrage fashion fete to be held in Academy Hall, Salem, Tuesday evening, May 11:

Mrs. Emily W. Archer, Mrs. Theo. A. D. Bacon, Mrs. E. J. Barnard, Mrs. H. B. Hatchelder, Mrs. Edward C. Battie, Miss Georgianna M. Benson.

Heynton, Miss Jenny Brooks, Miss  
Tarris Q. Cato, Miss Charlotte E.  
Chapman, Mrs. DeWitt B. Clark, Miss  
Hilda G. Clark, Miss Alice C. Clarke,  
Mrs. Albert E. Cole, Mrs. Henry A.  
Cook, Mrs. John Island, Jr., Mrs.  
Grace C. Dalton, Mrs. E. A. Dalton.

Mr. Harry M. Kennerly, Mrs. Frank  
L. Evans, Miss Maxie E. Fabens, Mrs.  
Mary M. Farley, Mrs. John P. Fei  
Mrs. Arthur B. Ferguson, Mrs. Henry  
A. Hale, Mrs. Horatio R. Harper, Mrs.  
Ralph B. Harris  
Miss Sarah C. Harris, Mrs. Charles  
W. Hood, Miss Sarah H. Hunt, Mrs.  
George B. Ives, Mrs. William M. Jelly,  
Mrs. Henry D. Johnson, Mrs. Gardner  
M. Jones, Mrs. Arthur Kemble, Mrs.  
Charles Laight, Miss Ellen B. Laight,  
Mrs. Frances H. Lee, Mrs. John F.  
Longmaid, Mrs. William F. Mc-  
Mullan, Mrs. Jean M. Minsaud, Mrs.  
Carl F. A. Morse, Mrs. Benjamin F.

Mrs. Henry Newhall, Miss Margaret A. Nichols, Miss Elizabeth S. Osgood, Mrs. George S. Parker, Mrs. William P. Parker, Mrs. Horace S. Perkins, Miss Ellen Philbrick, Miss Mary H.

Arthur L. Quinry, Mrs. William C. Rantoul, Mrs. John Robinson, Mrs. George F. Ropes, Mrs. Francis A. Russell, Mrs. George W. Russell, Miss Anna J. Silbee, Miss Elizabeth W. Silbee, Mrs. Nathaniel C. Simonds, Mrs. Walter H. Trumbull, Mrs. Daniel W. Trumbull, Mrs. George W. Trumbull, Miss Annie L. Warner, Mrs. William C. West, Miss Harriet L. Wilkins, Miss Alice B. Willson, Miss Lucy B. Willson.

At the rooms of the Women's Anti-Slavery Association, No. 45 Broad street, on Wednesday evening, the 26th day of November, 1846, the following ladies of Cambridge will read the arguments which it believed highly gratifying to the friends of the cause in Maine and New Hampshire. Mrs. Joseph Hoit will sing. The entertain-

Miss Helen C. McCleary of Brookline will read a paper giving her reasons for opposing woman suffrage at the rooms of the Woman's Anti-Suffrage Association, No. 225 Boulevard.

street, Boston, Friday at 3 p. m. Mrs. Marie Nichols, who has played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and whose recitals in Boston, Providence and other cities have attracted large audiences, will play several violin solos. The usual cake and candy sale will follow.

On Wednesday evening St. Rose's Branch of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Aid Association, Chelsea, will

Broadway, Chelsea. The proceeds will be devoted to the aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children. Thirty souvenirs will be awarded.

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man in this country who con-  
firms Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-  
table all the evidence that is con-

...one medicine in the world?

...al letters than have ever been  
...y other medicine for women  
...many new testimonials, all

three never before published  
**Second, Providence, R. I.**  
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taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
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ess Avenue, Providence, R. I.

Irwin, Peru, N. Y.  
Mydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Corn  
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am thankful every day that I took  
O. 1, Peru, N. Y.  
ncan, W. Quincy, Mass.

doctor said that I had organic trouble and I did not get any relief. The Compound gave me relief before I had

—MRS. JANE D. Quincy, Mass.

AM MEDICINE CO.  
MASS., for ad-  
read and answered  
vidence.

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**SUFFRAGE SESSION  
OPENS ON MAY 13**

The annual meeting and campaign convention of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association will be held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 13, 14 and 15, at No. 585 Chestnut street, Boston. The sessions will take place as follows: On Thursday, May 12, at 3 p. m.—Board of directors' meeting, with reports by chairmen of committees and local leagues. On Friday, May 13, at 7 p. m.—Ban-

Friday, May 14, at 10 a. m.—New campaign work conference. Full discussion of plans for winning the campaign.

Friday, May 14, evening—Open air rallies.

Saturday, May 15, at 10 a. m.—Furnished business and election of officers.

# Sick

# Home Attempts

Is it possible there is a woman who can suffer without giving trouble? Compound a trial after a usually being published, which on that this grand old medicine among women than any other. We have published in the sales more genuine testimonials published in the interest of any

**From Mrs. S. T. Richmond**  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of those who have done I wish to state what Lydia E. has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and displacement. I have always been weak and my was born and inflammation set in which I did not recover until I had taken Compound The Compound is my best friend."

**From Mrs. Maria Irwin**  
PERU, N. Y.—“Before I took Lydia’s medicine, and I was very irregular and had no children, and felt worn out all the time. As nothing else had done, and I am now well.”—MRS. MARIA IRWIN, R. F. D.

**From Mrs. Jane D. Duncanson**  
SOUTH QUINCY, Mass.—“The doctor said I had been doctored me for a long time, and I was not getting any better. I took Lydia’s medicine, and I am now well.”—MRS. JANE D. DUNCANSON, R. F. D.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
I tried it and found relief  
I continued  
rough middle life and am now a  
man and earn my own living."—  
"NACAN, Forest Avenue, West Qu  
Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM  
(CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, I  
a. Your letter will be opened, read  
a woman and held in strict confiden

Henry Newhall, Mrs. Margaret  
Hill, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Enckoff,  
George H. Enckoff, Mrs. George  
Warner, Mrs. Horace B. Perkins  
and Mrs. John B. Perkins.  
Mrs. Mrs. John Pickering, Mrs.  
H. H. Quincy, Mrs. William  
H. Quincy, Mrs. William H.  
H. Quincy, Mrs. Francis A.  
H. Quincy, Mrs. Francis A.  
Anna J. Stiles, Mrs. Elizabeth  
Stiles, Mrs. Nathaniel C. Stiles,  
Mrs. Nathaniel C. Stiles,  
Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Alvan H. Warner,  
Annie J. Warner, Mrs. William  
H. Warner, Mrs. William H.  
Alice B. Wilson, Mrs. Lucy B.  
Wilson, Mrs. Lucy B. Wilson,  
the rooms of the Women's Anti-  
slavery Association, No. 435 Boylston  
street, Boston, on Friday afternoon,  
Mrs. Seth Reed of New Bedford.  
It is believed he held greatly to  
the cause of the suffrage amendments in  
the North, and that he will be  
Hof will sing. The entertain-  
ment will be given by the  
Helen C. McCleary of Brook-  
field, and a paper giving her rea-  
sons for opposing woman's suffrage at  
the present time.  
The Association, No. 635 Boylston  
street, Boston, Friday at 8 p. m.  
The Boston Symphony Orchestra and  
the Boston Chorus will sing.  
Other cities have attracted large



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the evidence that is con-  
proves beyond contradic-  
has relieved more suffer-  
one medicine in the world.  
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never before published

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... hham's Vegetable Compound  
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... Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
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... her to take your medicine."—  
... weque, Providence, R. I.

**Peru, N. Y.**  
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Corn  
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This splendid medicine helped  
thankful every day that I took  
Peru, N. Y.

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 S. JANE D.,  
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 MEDICINE CO.  
 SS., for ad-  
 and answered  
 .  
 W. B. STEPHENS



# From Coast to Coast and Back—Free!

## 25 DE LUXE TOURS TO THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS

*All Expenses Paid by the Boston American*



Here is another page of photographs of some of the hard-working contestants in the great race to win the twenty-five trips to the California Expositions and \$1,250 in gold offered by the Boston American.

Twenty-five DE LUXE Tours from the Atlantic to the Pacific and return! Think what this means in the way of furnishing an opportunity to see this great country.

In what better way could you get an idea of the bigness and the prosperity of your own great nation?

And when you consider that these tours will be conducted in such a way to insure you the greatest amount of pleasure and comfort with the least annoyance, you will realize what it will mean to you to be counted among the twenty-five who will start on July 24 as the guests of the American on this journey of over three weeks.

The most important thing for all candidates to remember is that the second contest period—Series "B"—ends today with the publication, in this paper, of the big 10-vote coupon.

If you have not happened to get a great many votes in Series "B," do not be discouraged, but decide right now to make a big vote round-up today with the big 10-vote coupon in today's paper and get a flying start on Series "C," which starts tomorrow. You will find, as you go along, that votes will roll into you from unexpected sources—friends and acquaintances here and there all over New England will help you if they become acquainted with the knowledge of your candidacy.



Do not for a single instant forget the importance of turning in your vote coupons at the end of each series in consecutive sets which give you DOUBLE count. That is the reason why it is so important to get a running start on the first coupon of each series and to keep it up for the entire fifteen days.

To correct some of the mistakes which many candidates made, in sending in Series "A" coupons, special attention is called to the following:

Have name and address properly stamped on bundles.

Have memoranda inside, or marked outside, the contents of bundle (in votes).

Do not mix the votes of different periods when sending in coupons.

Save coupons until you have them all together before sending them in.

Send correspondence in separate letter. Do not enclose letters for information with votes.

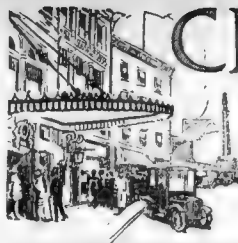
Have postage fully prepaid.

Address all bundles of votes to American Expositions Contest, P. O. Box 3047, Boston, Mass. Do NOT send votes addressed to Summer street.

The one big thing to do today is to round up all possible of the big 10-vote coupon which appears elsewhere in this paper.

Remember Series "B," which ends today, had three of the big 10-vote coupons. Don't miss a single one of them. They may—and probably will—with the DOUBLE VALUE given for consecutive votes—the means of securing a splendid tour for the twenty-five fortunate winners.

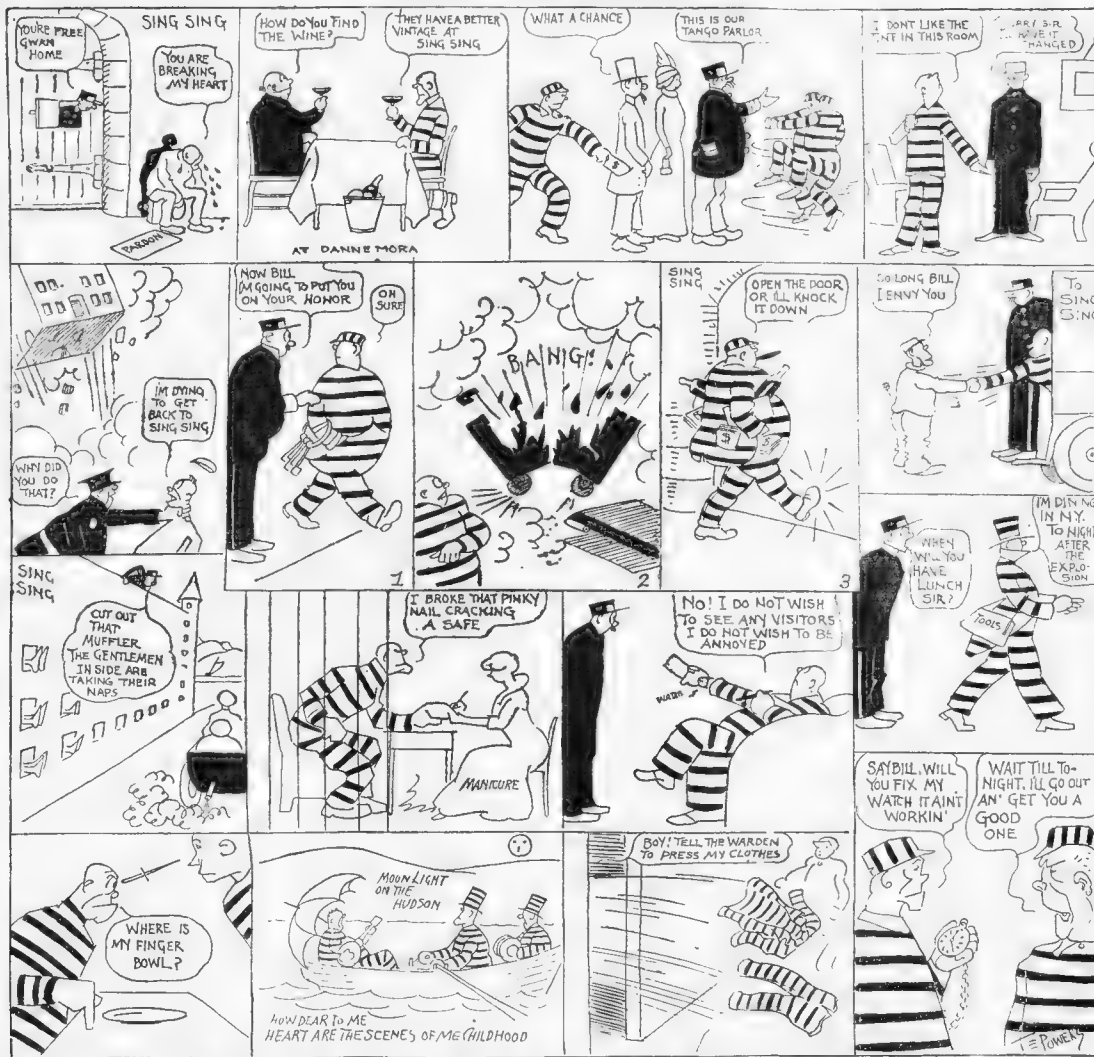
Free with the Sunday American



CITY LIFE SECTION  
OF THE BOSTON  
**Sunday** American



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**A Valuable Guide for Those  
Who Toll O'er the Soil**

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RAVEL—Something the hens in the next yard come across to

KALE—Luscious long green stuff bearing the government stamp, which you plant with the hardware man, seedman, etc., etc., in order to keep slurs, outcurses and other insects alive.

is going to be a garden.

By Willard Connely

On board S. S. Northern Pacific, and quite well, thank you.













Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

**B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE**  
"The Ambassador of the Theatre"  
TRICE DAILY, AT 2 & LAST COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 26TH  
**11—BIG HEADLINE FEATURES—11**  
Biggest Array of Stars and Novelties Ever on One Bill!

**TRIXIE FRIGANZA**  
The 1st of Trixie to make the London Stage—The 1st of Trixie to make the London Stage—The 1st of Trixie to make the London Stage

**ROONEY & BENT**  
The 1st of Rooney & Bent to make the London Stage—The 1st of Rooney & Bent to make the London Stage—The 1st of Rooney & Bent to make the London Stage

**BONNIE GLASS & CO.**  
The 1st of Bonnie Glass & Co. to make the London Stage—The 1st of Bonnie Glass & Co. to make the London Stage—The 1st of Bonnie Glass & Co. to make the London Stage

**STUART BARNES**  
The 1st of Stuart Barnes to make the London Stage—The 1st of Stuart Barnes to make the London Stage—The 1st of Stuart Barnes to make the London Stage

**AUSTRALIAN WOODCHOPPERS**  
The 1st of Australian Woodchoppers to make the London Stage—The 1st of Australian Woodchoppers to make the London Stage—The 1st of Australian Woodchoppers to make the London Stage

**REGINA CONNELLI & CO.**  
The 1st of Regina Conneli & Co. to make the London Stage—The 1st of Regina Conneli & Co. to make the London Stage—The 1st of Regina Conneli & Co. to make the London Stage

**DARRELL & CONWAY**  
The 1st of Darrell & Conway to make the London Stage—The 1st of Darrell & Conway to make the London Stage—The 1st of Darrell & Conway to make the London Stage

**EDDIE CARR & CO.**  
The 1st of Eddie Carr & Co. to make the London Stage—The 1st of Eddie Carr & Co. to make the London Stage—The 1st of Eddie Carr & Co. to make the London Stage

**LIGHTNER & JORDAN**  
The 1st of Lightner & Jordan to make the London Stage—The 1st of Lightner & Jordan to make the London Stage—The 1st of Lightner & Jordan to make the London Stage

**"THE GLADIATORS"**  
The 1st of "The Gladiators" to make the London Stage—The 1st of "The Gladiators" to make the London Stage—The 1st of "The Gladiators" to make the London Stage

**"MOLLY," "WADDY" & "TONY"**  
The 1st of "Molly," "Waddy" & "Tony" to make the London Stage—The 1st of "Molly," "Waddy" & "Tony" to make the London Stage—The 1st of "Molly," "Waddy" & "Tony" to make the London Stage

**NEXT WEEK—MADAME EMMA CALVE**

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE**  
RE-OPENING TOMORROW NIGHT LAST WEEK EVENINGS  
Matinee Wednesday & Saturday at 2:15

**ETHEL BARRYMORE**  
in her Greatest Triumph  
"THE SHADOW"

**THE HYPHEN**  
A PLAY OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM  
By JAMES HENRY MORTON

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**BOSTON THEATRE**  
EVERY DAY THIS WEEK  
10.00 A. M. to 10.30 P. M. Continuous Performance  
ORCHESTRA SEATS  
AT ALL TIMES  
25c and 50c

**THE PHOTO-PLAY**  
Revelation of the Age!  
DANIEL PROFFMAN PRESENTS  
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BY HALL CAINE, WITH PAULINE FREDERICK  
Read the N.Y. Dramatic Critics' Enthusiastic Approval:  
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COMPLETE IN FIFTEEN ORCHESTRA SEATS 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

**ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END!**

**SEE A PAIR OF SIXES**

**WILBUR**

**LOEW'S ORPHEUM**

**LOEW'S ST. JAMES**

**EXETER STREET THEATRE**

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**LOEW'S ST. JAMES**

**TREMONT THEATRE**

**TWICE DAILY**  
(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

MATINEES.....2:10 P. M.  
EVENINGS.....8:10 P. M.

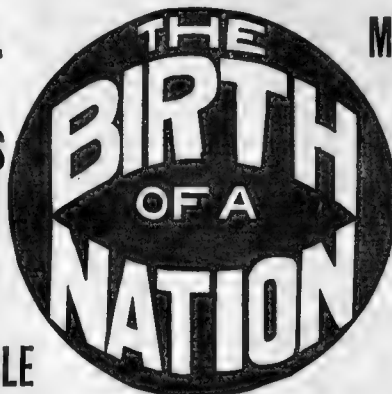
**THIRD TRIUMPHANT WEEK**

DAVID W.

GRIFFITH'S

FAST

SPECTACLE



MARVELOUS

BEYOND

HUMAN

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**50,000 BOSTONIAN**

HAVE SEEN THIS WONDERFUL PLAY AND VOTED THEIR APPROVAL BY RAPT ATTENTION, TEARS, LAUGHTER AND FERVENT APPLAUSE.

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**Grandest and Most Patriotic Pageant and Pictorial Wonder Ever Conceived in the History of the World**

Endorsed by 100,000 Patrons in Boston and New York and the Greatest Names in Statesmanship, Letters and Art.

Produced at the enormous expense of \$500,000 and requiring 8 months to make.

18,000 men, women and children and 3,000 horses employed in tumultuous, awe inspiring action.

Cities built and destroyed by fire and shell to reproduce the ravages and horrors of war.

Familiar figures of our national history participate in the thrilling events of the civil conflict.

Entrancing love stories and pathetic scenes of home life awaken tenderest emotions.

Symphony orchestra of 40 pieces furnishes melodic poetry and charm to every entrancing scene.

**POSITIVELY NO ADVANCE IN PRICES**

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LOWER FLOOR.....\$1.00 & \$2.00  
FIRST BALCONY.....50c & 75c & \$1.00  
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**ALL OTHER MATINEES**  
LOWER FLOOR.....50c & \$1.00  
FIRST BALCONY.....50c & \$1.00  
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AN EARLY CALL AT THE BOX OFFICE WILL SECURE BEST CHOICE OF SEATS

**HOWARD**

**Morning Glories**  
Burlesque  
With Blanch Baird

**Claude Golden**

**SUNDAY (TODAY) AT 7**

**HOWARD**

**Harvard Stadium**  
May 18-19, 5 P. M.

**LILLIAN MCCARTHY**  
BRANVILLE BARKER

**The Iphigenia in Tauris**  
The Trojan Women

**ADMISSION 10c**

**ALL SEATS FREE**

**HOWARD**

**Harvard Stadium**  
May 18-19, 5 P. M.

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The Trojan Women

**ADMISSION 10c**

**ALL SEATS FREE**

**HOWARD**

**Harvard Stadium**  
May 18-19, 5 P. M.

# NAUTICAL GARDEN THEATRE

REVERE BEACH RESERVATION

## SUNDAY PHOTO-PLAY CONCERTS

**TODAY**

1 p. m. to 11 p. m.

DANIEL FROHMAN

Presents

**Marguerite Clark**

In Famous Romantic Comedy

**Gretna Green**

Full Orchestral Accompaniment

ELECTRICAL EFFECTS

SOLOISTS

OTHER FEATURE FILMS

SEATS 10¢ and 15¢

**FORMAL  
OPENING  
TO DAY**

SUNDAY, APRIL 25

See American Coupon Elsewhere in this Paper

EVERY SUNDAY

PARAMOUNT

**PHOTO PLAYS**

Interpreted by Poole's

**CONCERT ORCHESTRA**

Soloists

Quartettes

Other Features

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

1 to 11 O'clock

SEATS 10¢ and 15¢

EVERY  
WEEK-DAY  
EVENING  
DANCING PARTIES

Under Management of  
Mr. W. S. BUTLER

Free Instruction  
From 7:30 to 8 P. M.

Personal Instruction  
During the Evening  
at rate of 10¢ per  
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EVERY  
WEEK-DAY  
EVENING  
DANCING PARTIES

Continuous Music by  
NAUTICAL TANGO TEAM  
and POOLE'S ORCHESTRA

**HIT THE TRAIL**

**PARK  
THEATRE**

Week of April 26

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

DANIEL FROHMAN

PRESENTS A DOUBLE BILL

**MARY PICKFORD**

In "THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE"

**HAZEL DAWN**

In "NIOBE"

A drama of a woman of surpassing interest and intensity. The above, who select a double bill, the Park Tropical Review, Travelogue, Park Symphony Orchestra and other features will present a program of unusual interest and length.

10 A. M. to 10:30 P. M.

POPULAR PRICES—25c, 15c, 10c  
TONIGHT—QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER  
SELECT VAUDEVILLE AND OTHER EXCLUSIVE  
PARK FEATURES

Doors Open 6:30 P. M. No Change in Price

**SHUBERT LAST WEEK**

Eves. at 8:15  
Wed. and  
Sat.  
Mats.  
2:15

**TO-NIGHT'S  
THE NIGHT**

FAREWELL  
TO THE  
London  
Gaiety  
Co.

WITH  
Lauri De Free  
Fay Compton  
Emmy Wehlen  
Maureen Farlow  
And those charming London  
Gaiety Girls

Come  
and Wish  
Them a Fond  
GOOD BYE!

NEXT WEEK MAIL ORDERS NOW SEATS THURS.

A Drama  
of Vital  
Importance

**"The Revolt"**

By George L. Cooper  
The Revolt  
The Revolt  
The Revolt

**SCOLLAY OLYMPIA**

HOME OF THE GREAT PICTURES

OLYMPIA STOCK CO.

Walter Foster and Reginald  
Hartley in "The Revolt"

15 AT 11:15 AND 15

PROBABLY THE BEST  
OF THE YEAR

Costume show 8 p. m. to 10:30 p. m.  
Ballet concert tonight  
on the show. 7 p. m. to 9 p. m.

Ray Mark in "The Revolt"

Maureen Farlow in "The Revolt"

Walter Foster and Reginald  
Hartley in "The Revolt"

Walter Foster and Reginald  
Hartley in "The Revolt"

Walter Foster and Reginald  
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Walter Foster and Reginald  
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Wagner's

**SIEGFRIED**

HARVARD STADIUM

JUNE 4th

Seats \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50

Doors opening 8 p. m. 8:15, 8:30  
Single seats 25c

Ticket-Sale

Now at Steinert Hall

2nd at the **MAJESTIC** Evenings at 8:15  
Week 5 Sat. Matinees at 2:15

**It Has Caught the Hearts of**

LOVERS OF GOOD DRAMA AND PERFECT ACTING  
LOVERS OF THRILLING SITUATIONS AND POWERFUL CLIMAXES  
LOVERS OF HUMAN INTEREST AND HUMAN TOUCHES  
LOVERS OF SPONTANEOUS LAUGHTER AND SYMPATHETIC TEARS

**The Dramatic Sensation  
of the Season!**

That's why the crowds  
are flocking to see  
GEORGE BROADHURST'S  
wonderful  
drama

**THE LAW OF THE LAND**

With

**JULIA DEAN**

GEORGE FAWCETT

And the Original New York Cast Intact

THE BOSTON CRITICS HAIL IT WITH HIGHEST PRAISE:

"Sympathy and suspense"—*if 7 Parker, Transcript.*  
"A rampaging epic in 2-3 hours. Journal."  
"Tense and vivid drama with many thrilling scenes."—*C. R. Home, Globe.*  
"Timeless epic setting—lovely constructed—largely un-  
paralleled."—*Record.*  
"One of the best presented in Boston this season."—*E. H. Crosby, Post.*  
"Surprising finish."—*Fredrick, Johns, American.*  
"Quick action, suspense thriller."—*Traveler.*  
"Gripping, over-the-top drama."—*Record.*

**CASTLE SQ. THEATRE**

Phone Ox. 5300

**LAST 2 WEEKS**

**COMMON  
CLAY**

This is your last opportunity  
to see this remarkable play  
at popular prices.

**Secure Your Seats Now**

Matinees Daily at 2:15 Evenings at 8:15  
Branch Office, Vorenberg's, 15 Winter St.

May 3—17th and Last Week of  
"COMMON CLAY"

**BASEBALL**

MONDAY, APRIL 26

AT 2:30

Red Sox vs Athletics

FENWAY PARK

Tickets now on sale by our agent  
at 40 North St. Co. Ticket 10c

Mrs. W. S. BUTLER'S

27th ANNIVERSARY

**MAY FESTIVAL**

MECHANICS' BUILDING

Saturday, May 1, 1915

Admission: Ladies 10c, Gentlemen 15c

Refreshments 5c to 10c

Admission: Ladies 10c, Gentlemen 15c

Refreshments 5c to 10c

Admission: Ladies 10c, Gentlemen 15c

Refreshments 5c to 10c

Admission: Ladies 10c, Gentlemen 15c

Refreshments 5c to 10c

**THE NEW MODERN**

Wash. at 10:15 p. m. 11:15 p. m.

10:15 p. m. 11:15 p. m.

**N. Y. Hippodrome**

Photo-Production

**Mrs. Leslie Carter**

The Heart of Maryland

Continues in 4, 5, 10:15 p. m.

Admission 25c & 10c

Admission 25c & 10c

Admission 25c & 10c

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Admission 25c & 10c

**Grand Opera House**

Washington St. at Duxey 1st Street

**HEART**

CHARMERS

BURLESQUE

Matinee Daily—Ladies 10 Cents

Free motion pictures in all sections

Next **WRESTLING**

"DIXIE" BOB ALLEN

vs.

**FRED BABCOCK**

Travelling Circus

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

**JOHN MCCORMACK**

WINDY TENOR BALLAD PROGRAM

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.

Friday, April 24, 10:15 p. m.







"And Jesus Answered and Said Unto Him, 'Get Thee Behind Me Satan!'"

St. Luke, Chap. IV, v. 8

## Rev. "Billy" Sunday's Ideas About the DEVIL

THE devil is no fool. He is on to his job. I am not neutral with the devil. We've got the devil on the run. The devil never takes a vacation. The devil is no fool; he is no four-flusher. The devil often grinds the axe with which God hews. God hates sin and the devil. He will not compromise. He has done that from Adam down to the present time. There are always two forces at work—God and the devil. The devil is a pretty smooth guy; he knows his business. I ask no quarter from the devil and give none, absolutely none. If you get to play tag with the devil he will beat you every clip. How long will the devil make us paving stones for damnation? The devil does much of his deepest ploughing with religious hate. The devil makes a lot of trouble for me, but I'm keeping him busy. It's the devil's business to bombard everybody that God speaks well of. The devil hates perfection, so you're a big idiot if you're on the devil's side.

Give your body to God, and the devil will be welcome to anything he can find. I know the devil goes to church regularly, but he has no hand in this campaign.

The devil has his own arithmetic, which shows great dividends from the wages of sin. Oh, the devil delights in stiff dignity. He's dead stuck on you people who can't unbend.

It is a pity that men and women of intelligence follow everything the devil suggests.

The devil can appear as an angel, and in that disguise he does his most effective work.

Some have turned a deaf ear to the devil, but some have turned a listening ear to the world.

Whenever wealth and piety become synonymous terms, the devil will leave this old world.

The devil has more sense than lots of preachers, for he does admit that Scripture is the word of God.

The devil says, "Worship me." He puts a bull ring in a man's nose and leads him around at his pleasure.

The devil's just as sure to be at every church meeting as a thunderstorm is to overtake a Sunday school picnic.

When Paul was on the job the devil was awake. There is a kind of preaching that will never arouse the devil.

The devil has been practicing for six thousand years, and he has never had appendicitis, rheumatism, nor tonsillitis.

If you have a quarrel with someone, go to him with witnesses to make up. If they refuse, let them go to the devil.

The devil doesn't let a man stop to think what he is doing, that in every added indulgence in a drink he grows weaker.

I went like a six-cylinder auto with a carburetor when I was serving the devil, and I'm going the same way now for the Lord.

Don't argue with the devil. He'll defeat you. Hit with a rolling pin or flattery, or anything you can get your hands on.

Some of the hottest battles the devil wages are right close to the cradle, for he tries to get your children started the wrong way.

The man who thinks more of his pigs than he does of his wife and babies is the devil's idea of what a husband and father should be.

Wesley said: "Give me thirty men who love God and hate the devil and I'll storm the very citadels of hell and win the victory."

We have a lot of fools in America who think the way to drive the devil out is by educating themselves with a lot of books on calisthenics.

The devil's gang gets up, combs its hair and is forty miles on its way before a lot of your church people think of turning over in bed.

So a bunch of you have Jesus Christ in the spare room and the kitchen, sitting room and parlor, and all the rest of the house belongs to the devil.

Repentance isn't promising or resolving to do better. Why, the devil will let you do that every day in the week if you are willing to let it go at that.

The devil doesn't take everybody up on the mountain to tempt them. He doesn't have to. You can stand some people on a molehill and they are dazed.

I always try to give the devil the best in my box at the first rap—I always try to put him out of business at the very start so that he will keep his distance in the future. When you fight the devil give him the best you got first.

If you could see the devil the way he is you would be disgusted with him and with his life. If you put your shoulder to the wheel we will have the devil in the hospital before the Fourth of July.

When a man tries to make himself without asking God to help him, he will be as fat as a hog in a smokestack. I tell you the devil will bank his fire.

I go to church to hear a man like that give testimony.

To forget God seems to be the most familiar thing in the church, and the

people, especially if they have been in wealth, begin to seek out the

parts of the devil.

But the world doesn't care and the church doesn't care. He leads you on so



Rev. William Ashley Sunday, D.D.,

Who Begins Today the Fourth Week of His Evangelistic Campaign in Paterson, New Jersey.

indulge, and when at last you awaken to your peril you will cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am; who will deliver me?"

A man says to me: "Well, I serve God." I ask him, how. "I go to church," he says. I say: "So does the devil, and he beats you to it, at that. The church bell never rings that he isn't on the job."

See how the devil whines. "Oh, you got me in a corner," he says. "Billy, don't preach against the saloon; don't torment me; let me graft, steal, de-bauch, will you? Why should you make war on me?" The same old whine.

If you hear the preacher say that he don't believe in a devil you can just bet our hat then that he does not know there is a devil. Ain't that right, brethren?

There never was a greater mistake than to suppose that God wants you to be long-faced when you put on your good clothes. You'd better not fast at all if you give the devil all the benefit. God wants people to be happy.

The devil's a hard scraper. You've got to give him credit for that. But the tough old customer is getting a touch of old feet. He is losing steam. His knees are trembling like a pugilist who knows he can't finish the round out.

If there is anything that makes me feel like a woman who has swallowed

a fly it's when some hog-jowled old rummy says to me: "I wouldn't be in the rum business if the church members didn't vote to maintain it." They're your saloons, all right. No wonder the devil laughs, the breweries and distilleries spew out their double-distilled damnation, and crime spreads.

No one has the devil beaten for orthodoxy. The devil has got some preachers I've known in my day beaten, because he does believe in something. The devil believes that Jesus is the son of God, and he trembles, and that's more than some of you old lobsers do.

Think of that father, with his boy just delivered from the power of the devil, paying twenty-five cents a year for missions. Think of him sitting in the pew, and when the plate was passed digging down deep in his pocket to look for a nickel or a cent.

A man who sins places limitations upon himself. He places intellectual limitations upon himself, physical limitations upon himself, and if he lives in sin he is a fool, and a man who champions the cause of the devil does not deserve the name of a man, and forfeits all rights, in my opinion, to respect and decency, and I don't care a continental who he is.

Ho! Ho! I don't wonder you are turning pale, Mr. Devil; that your teeth are chattering; you are worried, Mr. Devil. You have had your heel on the neck of Paterson for a long time; you have blighted enough lives; you have broken enough hearts of men and women by the waywardness of their boys and girls; you have sent enough persons home with whiskey breath early in the morning, vile enough to drive a polecat from its hole; you have stood long enough choking the throat of New York until you have overthrown from it every semblance of decency; until you have driven them to go to the crazy and drunk; until they are immune from God's wrath at a cake of it as stood with your hands clutching Philadelphia until they let it go. I have everything loose your old grip and told you, "Back to hell with you!"





# Mr. Sunday's Great Sermon—"Forces That Win"

"We seem at times to be commercially dazed and drunk."

"You are big or little, not according to avoidupis, but according to where you are."

"A midget in character and a midget in morals is pitiful."

"If your pockets are empty fill your hearts with ambition."

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At the time of President McKinley's funeral procession this country for five minutes stopped all work. The railroads, every factory, the machinery of this land stood still; the banker stopped counting his money; the merchant quit measuring the commodities and left them unmeasured; the farmer stopped his plough in the furrow, every student closed his book for five minutes, and with uncovered heads he attempted to pay a mark of respect and tribute to the man who had tried to make this a better nation and happier men and women and children.

We did that and I am glad we did that, thus showing to the people that we did not forget to take a high value on character, although we seem at times to be commercially dazed and drunk.

We stood still long enough to testify to the world that it matters not to what political party a man belongs if he tries to make this a better nation and make happier homes.

Sixty-five million people in the United States each giving five minutes would make over 700 years of service rendered McKinley.

I am glad there are periods in history where we laugh with delight. I am glad there is a Fourth of July when we are filled with enthusiasm and testify to the world that we realize at what cost we had the foundation of the greatest nation God's eyes ever rested upon. I am glad there is an Easter, to recall Him that burst through the bonds of death—I am glad we have Christmas to recall Him that was born amidst the malodorous, unwashed beasts in the manger; I am glad there is a Labor Day to pay tribute to the men with the dinner bucket and callous hand.

I am glad we have a Thanksgiving Day when we all journey back home and eat turkey and cranberry sauce and mince pie. As a nation we can raise enough to feed the world. I am glad there are a great many periods in our lives when we laugh, and I can recall a good many in my life that I wish I could forget.

I read the other day of a man who was shipwrecked on an island where everybody and everything was small.

The men and women were only six inches high and the children were proportionately small in size. He was the biggest thing they had ever seen and he created a sensation among them.

He was requested when he went out to have a stroll to notify the mayor so that when he walked along the streets they could have a brass band ahead of him so that he wouldn't step on the funeral procession; he was requested not to swing his arms so that he wouldn't knock down a church steeple—and he created a sensation.

He lands on an island of Giants.

He went to sea again and was wrecked the second time. This time he was on an island where everything and everybody was large.

The men and women were thirty feet high and the children were proportionately large. He was the smallest thing they had ever seen and he created a sensation by contrast.

He saw a giant coming and he attempted to sidestep the giant, but the giant took a couple of steps and got him and put him in his pocket and carried him home and dumped him in the lap of his ninety-year-old daughter and said: "Here, there's a plaything for you." She had a cage made and put him in it.

When she went out calling she took him along for a doll, as a plaything. I tried to imagine myself on the island as a big man, as he was. How chesty I became! I went strutting my way as I picked my way along the street, none so big as I. I felt like Alexander the Great when there were no more forties to conquer.

And when I found to imagine myself on the island as a little man; how small, how shriveled, how dried up I became! So we are big or little, not according to our avoidupis, but where we are.

Listen: when you go into the world it takes something more than a mortarboard cap, a variety coat, a flat cap, a bulldog pipe and a rabbit to make a successful man.

It is like a girl, when she is about seventeen years of age, and her mother introduces her to some young man. She says:

"Mamma, mamma, who is he?"

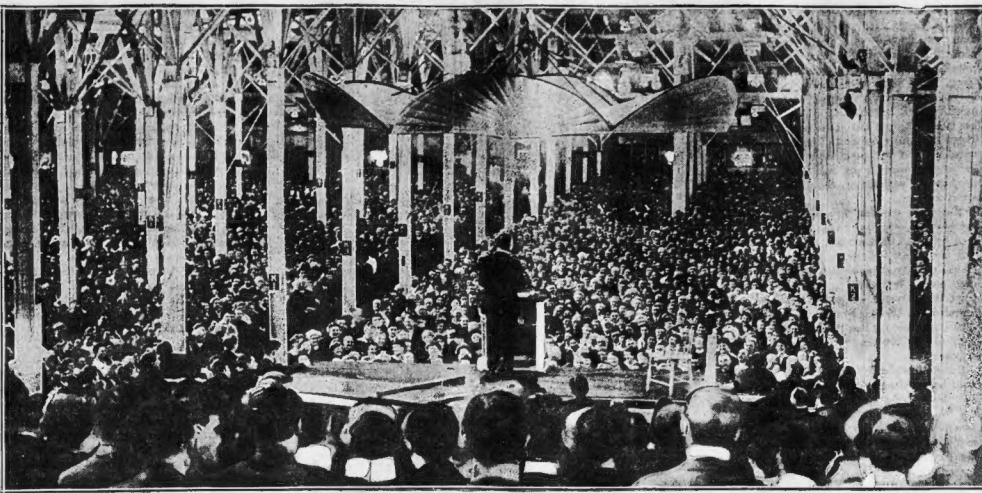
"When she becomes twenty-four and her mother introduces her to some young man she says: 'Mamma, mamma, what is he?'"

"But when she is thirty-five, she says, 'Mamma, mamma, for God's sake, where is he?' But, dear, none of you are up against the 'where is he' yet."

Listen: you know Squire Jones is Squire Jones, in the little town where he lives because everybody in the town helps to make the Squire Jones man; mainly the Joneses.

But take the case on Broadway, and let me see what happens: Squire Jones is just an ordinary kind of Jones.

Like the grasshopper: he sat on a sun-



Flashlight Photograph in Mr. Sunday's Great Tabernacle.

flower and he swelled up with pride, and he said: "I am a big noise, I am the main squeeze, the head cheese, and when I strike the ground it will tremble as from an earthquake."

And he leaped to the ground, right in front of a big turkey gobbler; the earth did not tremble, but along came a big fat hen, and he said to the turkey gobbler:

"Did you see a fat-legged grasshopper pass along this way?"

And as the turkey gobbler gulped he said, "He didn't pass, he stopped here."

And when the grasshopper tried to adjust himself in the caw of the gobbler to a more comfortable position, he said:

"How little and dried up and useless I am in here; how big was I out there, or 'how big I thought I was.'"

You are big or little, not according to avoidupis, but according to where you are.

I held that the boy who goes to school is bigger than the young lobster that loafs in the streets, smokes cigarettes, goes into the back door of drug shops and tries to drink the whole bunch under the table.

It is bigger to pray than it is to blaspheme; it is bigger to pray than it is to be little around that walks the stretch blaspheming and sneering at religion.

We have the greatest nation in the universe, and the greatest opportunity to become something in all the world, and if you can't do something you are a nut, a monkey, an over-crowded, and nothing but a mere cipher.

Now, I want to say something with the hope that I can induce you to put your life in Italy. The element in us, this hope for something better is nature clearing the ground. That is why the young man goes West: he is tired of being a molehill and wants to be a mountain.

Don't run around and make comments on every girl that goes down the street. I tell you, boys, a lot of you fellows, you have reversed the roles. You don't play the game fair. You have started on third base and your run don't count. You are down and out.

Helen Keller was blind, deaf and dumb since she was a midget, and she got a basket of morals in pitiful.

A woman once said to her husband: "William, I dreamed last night that I attended an auction and they were selling husbands and they brought all the way from \$500 to \$10,000."

"What," said he, "the fellows that brought \$10,000 were like me."

"No," she said, "husbands like you sold three bunches for a nickel."

I tell you, you can't look up and admire a runt in mind and a runt in character unless you are married to the runt, and then you do it under protest.

Education is knowing what you want; knowing where to get it; knowing what to do with it after you get it. That is education.

I will tell you what is the matter with you fellows. You would rather wear a clean, white shirt and patent leather shoes and work for four or five dollars a week and call it a salary than you would to put on a pair of overalls and a hickory shirt or a dannel shirt and take a dinner bucket and work for \$25 a week and call it wages.

As a result our boys hang around the cities and 58 per cent of our criminals come from our cities. We have in our jails \$5,000 criminals and they come from the cities, 58 per cent of them.

Take the "rube," the boy from the farm, and he's the fellow who makes good. Go back to the farm and study expert dairying and help save the lives of 200,000 babies that die every year in this country from impure milk that is sold every year.

Go out West and study and be a horticulturist. Go out to Oregon, Yakima, Wells' Abbott, Great Falls, and they will pay you one hundred and fifty dollars a month if you are expert enough to manage an orchard and to spray and prune trees.

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With her example before you, quit your whodunnit and go to climbing. If your pockets are empty, fill your hearts with ambition.

Say, I tell you what, a lot of you fellows are what you and everybody else knows you are—quitters. Boys, girls, don't build a character like a boy bakes a cake.

I heard one tell another how to bake a certain kind of cake. She said: "Take some sugar and some flour. If I am baking a big cake I take more, and if I take a little, and then take some milk, and some flour, and some butter or lard, and stir it up, put in some eggs and pound the whole thing. Put in some extract, and let it bake an hour or two."

You will wonder how you can bake a cake with a recipe like that, and it usually turns out all right. The only reason I can assign is most girls are good looking and a good-looking girl always has luck.

But some boys, if he tried to bake a cake with a recipe like that it would be fireproof, burglar-proof, and water-tight; you use it for boiler plates. The trouble is he would have to be a Christian for fear somebody else won't.

That is why you are a failure. I would not build a character like a woman does, sewing machine. She grinds a monkey wrench and a screw driver and looses every thing that was intended to remain stationary, and then she smears oil all over the bolt, and he'll be blamed if that old machine don't up and run like a fellow going for the undertaker when his mother-in-law is dead.

Do your best and you will never wear out. Do your best and you will never become old. Do your best and you will never become blind reading help and you will never become deaf reading help.

You need grit to face difficulties like a drunken man I read about the other day, who was staggering along home drunk and he met a rattlesnake coiled up and ready to strike, and he said:

"Blaze away, I was never better fixed for my life than I am now."

Don't be like the little boy I heard of who, when the teacher said, "Now, children, let's play that we are a basket of eggs, and we are going to hatch out. Tomorrow, what will you hatch out to be?"

"An engineer."

"What are you going to be?" to another boy. "I guess I am going to be a lawyer."

Another said, "I don't know what to be; guess I'll be a policeman."

"Tomorrow, what are you going to be?" "I am going to be a bad egg. I ain't going to hatch."

A lot of young people never succeed because they lack courage. They are afraid to show it. They are afraid somebody will sneer at them if they do something they don't do. They are afraid to take a step in advance of the crowd. They are afraid to walk out and sell their wares, but they are afraid to sell their wares and will sneer at them. They know what is right, just the same as Solomon and old Brian Young knew they were married.

You can tell a young man's size by what he is overcoming. Those who borrow trouble never get a chance to pay it back. Remember that.

It is not necessary to be in a great place to be great. Gettysburg was only a blot on the map until they fought their battle there. Little Becton's Little Jail was unknown until John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress"; the place was great because the work was great.

I can tell a man's size by what he is doing. I know the size of the man who stole an umbrella from me the same as if I measured him for a suit of clothes.

Show your grit. Show the George Washington. You was grit in Valley Forge and crossing the icy waters of the Delaware; show the Abraham Lincoln in you which signs your declaration of independence and emancipation.

Do your best and you will never become old. Do your best and you will never become blind reading help and you will never become deaf reading help.

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There is many a young fellow ploughing and when he strikes a stump he unhitches his horses and goes back to the barn.

Some fellow when he strikes a stump goes back to the barn and gets a crow bar and digs beneath the stump, puts dynamite in it, lights a fuse and scatters toothpicks forty acres. That's the difference between the man who has some grit and the young man who has none.

So, young people, listen to me. I will not keep you long. Be a live wire. Have some blood in your veins. Be a pink tea.

A lot of young fellows need vim, ginger, tabasco sauce and paprika.

Be like the man with the itch. Make everybody scratch. If they get near you. Don't be a milk and water soap—don't be a fish on one side and flesh on the other.

Don't be like a little girl I was reading about the other day. She was drawing a picture as the preacher came in and said:

"Hello, Casie. What are you drawing?" She said, "I thought I'd make a little, but the little rascal says I thought I'd draw a dog, but he moved, so I guess I'll stick a tail on you, mister, and call you a monkey. Stay still."

I will tell you something, boys, that will be a millstone around your neck—self-conceit. It is a sad day for a young fellow when forty of President Taft's overcoats wouldn't make him a vest.

Boys, there is more hope for the fool than for the fellow that thinks he knows it all. Like a Jew said: "Did you hear that Isaac lost a thousand dollars?"

The fellow said, "I didn't know that Ike had a thousand dollars."

"He hadn't," it was on his mind and he lost his mind; he's a bughouse."

He is like a fellow who struts where the wooden legs are hidden by the long pants; looms; he's the stripes on a barber's pole, the concealed man; he's the cross bar on a telegraph pole, like some newspapers—they are all scare heads and telegraph news.

Conceited Man Like a Cheap Restaurant.

The conceited man is like a cheap restaurant where everything is in the window and nothing on the table but hot air. You do all the smiling and all the nodding and he's all right, but try to get him to do the smiling and nodding and you will know the meaning of wormwood and gall, and you won't need a dictionary to dig it out.

My companion was pleasantly set on the fellow who couldn't make good if he would, but my sympathy ceased, as all sympathy should, for the lobster who wouldn't make good if he could.

Somebody said: "Say, Bill, I have had to battle my way through life and break out of the severity, staidness and the long pants; I have it, I have it. You can't teach me anything about this. I have taken a postgraduate course in that, but nobody ever lost out on the determination to win."

Obituary: Franklin Crawford, a lost of heart. Obituary did not keep the man from writing papers on the trials of the Grand Turk. Obituary did not keep Abraham Lincoln splitting rails out in Illinois all his life. Obituary did not keep General Grant tanning hides or keep Oliver Cromwell ploughing in the fields all their lives.

Emerson said: "Write a better book, preach a better sermon, deliver a better lecture, make a better movie trip than your neighbor. Although you live in the wilderness, the world will have a path through the woods and rap at your door." Don't forget that.

Another thing: look on the bright side of life. Over in Spain there is a sun dial, and it says, "I mark only the bright hours." So look out on the bright side of life.

Every time you smile you put a crimp in the undertaker's business; keep the beads under the sled, and what you would like to do up in a knot like a spider does a fly, and he was crying me out, and I was shrieking for aid, and so aid came.

He said: "It might have been worse." And he said, "It might have been better."

Listen, boys and girls and old folks, too. Don't go to pieces every time things happen different from what you would like to do. I was like a Shanghai rooster I read of the other day, who every time he crowed there was a leg out of joint.

Listen to me. If I could just get you to look on the bright side and smile one day during the weeks these meetings last when I would get the most out of you, and you or your parents, either, like the street barber who stood on the street selling soap. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, give me your attention. I got the finest brand of soap to offer for your hair, and every time I shaved there was a leg out of joint."

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